The Commonweal

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Children's Books

Claire Huchet Bishop

General Editor

THE NEW MANDATE

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC

EIGHT YEARS IN CHINA'S WARS

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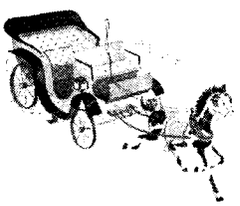

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The
COMMONWEAL

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The New Mandate

THE papers are still finding loose ends of the election, few of them more susceptible to speculation than the makeup of the new Congressional Committees. Under the iron law of seniority, such conservatives as Tom Connally, Sol Bloom, Kenneth McKellar, Pat McCarran and Elmer Thomas are counterbalanced (primarily in the House) by Elbert Thomas and John Lesinski (Senate and House Labor Committee chairmen); Representative Cannon, head of the House Appropriations Committee; Emmanuel Celler and Adolph Sabath (Judiciary and Rules), and floor leaders of a New Deal complexion.

The Taft-Hartley Act is one of the first to be slated for the axe, in whole or in part; yet it is a curious fact that a majority of the members of both Houses as they will be constituted in January originally voted for it. However, this is not nearly as important as a token of the conservative lag in the new Congress as the fact that a round hundred of the 263 incumbent Democratic Representatives hail from the South. Such numbers should also hold in realistic leash too high hopes inspired by the election to the Senate of a small handful of political liberals, notably Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. As far as Congress itself goes, what the election revealed about the current national temper is the strongest point.

Hopeful status-quoers are able to point to the fact that the 79th Congress of 1945-6 embodied even greater Democratic majorities in both Senate and House and yet was able to put through little of a positive sort. The President's determined stand on Civil Rights—if formulated as expected in specific legislation—will continue to alienate many Southern Congressmen, although perhaps a Northern coalition could put it (if not its enforcement) over. But in matters of labor legislation, a North-South coalition could provide a barrier indeed. Bills resulting from genuine North-South and labor-management compromises may be the only ones feasible.

But all this leaves out of account the new status of President Truman—now President completely in his own right. The issues on which he campaigned so consistently when it seemed that he was whistling in the dark now form the core of a legislative program he intends to put into action. The word is that he will no longer be content to give Congress a whole series of broad general recommendations, to which little or no heed was paid even in the ranks of his own party, but will rather go after his planks on labor legislation, housing, extended social security, federal aid to education, civil rights, reclamation, conservation and the rest, one by one. And that he will exert all the political pressure of which he is now capable to see things through. His greatest difficulties will arise in his fight for civil rights, price control (except for the extension of rent controls) and rationing.

What is the exact nature of his new mandate? The American people, who appeared to be paying little or no attention to whatever debate there was in the campaign, not only clearly preferred Mr. Truman and the Democrats (and what remained of the New Deal) to Mr. Dewey and the Republicans. They also repudiated—by a clear if moderate majority—most of the actions and inactivity of the 80th Congress. They refused to change horses when the national economy, if threatened by runaway inflation, was going well in both industrial and farming areas.

It would seem to be misinterpretation to take the vote as an underlining of the whole Truman program. And many aspects of legislative life in Washington, as well as a number of familiar political figures, will continue to appear much as before. Finally there are the ever-present obstacles to embodying broad objectives into practicable, specific legislation. The big question mark in it all is the added strength Mr. Truman will have been able to develop.

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Straight from the Horse's Mouth

"WELL, I'll be darned—*how* did Harry do it?" Mighty good question and there we were—caught flat-footed. Hustling to the newsstand to find the answer, we fumbled right into it, right up front in the trusty journal whose curt-clear-concise prose we always lean on for support in crisis: "The little old voter fooled everybody." Why? "For a number of reasons, not the least of which was little old Harry Truman." Now as an explanation, this wisdom may have the folksy touch of the Truman movement all right, but the little old reader was probably left still scratching his head and wondering.

For the little old reader, the tip-off to Mr. Truman's victory might better have been found in terms of what happened one day at a sagebrush stop along the campaign trail. Stepping down from his train, Mr. Truman walked over to a horse standing nearby, opened the mouth of the animal, looked in carefully and declared: "That horse is six years old." Ringer, sir!

And *that's* what happened all the way: Mr. Truman was out looking things over—horses, cities, farms, babies, voters—carrying on a private feud with the Ropers, Gallups and Crossleys. He won—perhaps a little to his own surprise. And now voices are shouting down the pollsters, some of them urging that laws be passed outlawing public-opinion polls on such critical issues as elections, ERP and military alliances. The reasoning is that since polls have become major factors shaping opinion as well as gauging opinion, and since polls can be so wrong, they may one day get the country up to its neck in something it really doesn't want at all.

Frightening as this prospect may be, it seems to us to be a spur-of-the-moment scare, ignoring a most significant result of the election. Actually, American voters were not "told" or intimidated by the polls: instead, they exercised free choice and avoided an administration that might have been imposed on the country had not the polls aroused this protest vote. Their protest vote amounted most of all to a victory of free decision in the face of psychological pressure, of a popular tide apparently running against them. As such, it can only restore confidence in the democratic technique, and demonstrates that polls need not scare anybody out of his senses.

Undoubtedly, methods of sampling public opinion need reform, but basically the purpose of such polls in trying to find out what the man in the street is thinking is a commendable purpose in a political democracy. If the polls seem phoney, it is the job of an electorate to get out and say so; if the polls seem correct, then the electorate must still get out and substantiate the forecast—or else take it as the overconfident Republicans took it last week. It is somewhat insulting to suppose that a mature voter must surrender and shiver before an admittedly imperfect form of measuring public opinion. However scientific polls may become eventually, they can never arrive at an infallible forecast, since essentially they deal with an unpredictable factor: man is still a free agent, whose choices cannot be charted with mathematical monotony. Since it is impossible infallibly to predict the unpredictable, polls can only hope to do the next best thing, which is to measure what is most *likely* to happen on the average.

Reducing the inflated ego of pollsters is a service already rendered; to go all the way and hang the wrong-guessers from the nearest tree is hardly a service to researchers trying to determine what the people want. "Getting it straight from the horse's mouth" is not a foolish practice—it is just a matter of getting it straight.

Poetry and the Public

IT IS rarely indeed that poetry rates a puff in the papers, rarer that a poet should be headline stuff. But in the past two weeks two major poets have been frontliners: Mr. T. S. Eliot, Anglo-American, Anglo-Catholic, has received the Nobel literary prize "for his remarkable pioneering work in modern poetry." And Miss Edith Sitwell, arriving here on her first visit, has received a tremendous ovation from a very friendly press. The many tributes to her genius include a delightful volume published by New Directions, in celebration of the occasion of her arrival.

Mr. Eliot is the greatest of the living English poets who may be called classic; Edith Sitwell, since the death of W. B. Yeats, is the greatest English romantic poet. It is good indeed that they should both be visiting us here, and at this time. For since Chaucer and Sidney, poets have always been England's best diplomats, and, while all art is communication, poetry serves the arts as the contemplative orders do the active. A sainted Pope suggested that wherever an active order is established, there should, near by, be a contemplative, to sustain it by their more immediate intercourse with heaven; and wherever human beings are striving to communicate with one another, there should be poets planted near, to express directly, supremely, what the rest of us must say in civil-service-ese, journal-ese, magazine-ese, rhetoric, or some other form of verbiage.

When Mr. Eliot says "to be conscious is not to be in time" or that—

"The dance along the artery
The circulation of the lymph
Are figured in the drift of stars"—

or that "the future is a faded song," he is making pemmican compared with which even his fellow-recipients of the Nobel prize seem slow

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cooks stewing formulae. And when Edith Sitwell writes—

> Still falls the Rain
> Dark as the world of man, black as our loss
> Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
> Upon the Cross—

or, "Not only the rain is falling," she has tiered for us all the horror of the blitzed skies, so that, root-deep or onion-shallow, we each come to comprehend after our fashion.

Mr. Eliot, whose "The Waste Land" expressed the interwar vacuum most expertly, has arrived, in his "Four Quartets," at the nearest this century has come to a universal statement about human experience. Miss Sitwell, intensely feminine, wisely has limited herself: her eternities are the tears of things, the mother who bids her dead child "return from your new mother the earth, she is too old for your little body, too old for the small tendernesses"; indeed, all Miss Sitwell's poetry is in her pity, even her woman's indignation at the waste of Christ's blood streaming through the firmament, whilst here even the rat-whine has guttered low, and the ultimate cold fetters the heart of man.

It is the power of poets that all the things that touch the heart and mind of man are by them reduced to a pocketful of words. So the greatest fact in human history is told in four, so the whole agony of our age is condensed by Mr. Eliot into his slim volumes, and by Miss Sitwell into her "Street Song" and "Song of the Cold." These are the true ambassadors, who hear and interpret in our own language and tongue, our voices and the echoes they raise: echoes historic, symbolic, universal, elemental, mythical, psychological and just plain scared.

How to Win Happiness and Be Wonderful

AMERICANS may not know much about psychiatry, but we know that we like it. On November 7th, a not unusual Sunday, an eminent weekly book-review magazine carried advertisements for twenty-two (22) different books in the inside-your-personality field. And these were all of the high-class, most family-respectable branch of our burgeoning psychological literature. (Well, it was the *New York Times Book Review.*)

That the advertisements pay off nicely is shown by the Best Seller "general" list. Number One across the nation is "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living," by Dale Carnegie. Number Two: "Peace of Mind." Liebman (forever and days before the number one choice). Eleven: "A Guide to Confident Living." Peale. Tumbled finally down to fourteen is that old scientific classic, which should somehow come into the category, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Kinsey *et al.* Number Ten we're not sure about, but are sure we'd like to list it: "The Beast in Me and Other Animals." Thurber.

Comment on this sweeping psychological fashion could take a very sweeping range indeed. The fad betrays, for example, a terrible determination to reject reality; not to master and go beyond tragedy, but, lying, to deny it. It calls fools, in almost biblical terms, those who pray from a vale of tears. It turns its back on the tomb and the cross. It fosters a worse insanity than it pretends to treat. . . . But all that range of observation should be reserved for somewhere else and someone else. On that same unremarkable Sunday, the *Herald Tribune Book Review* noticed one of the newer volumes of the series in a neat criticism at the other end of the range. It was a review of "The Art of Being Happy," and the piece was entitled, "Quest of the Bluebird." Somewhere, doubtless, over the rainbow.

Eight Years in China's Wars

FOREIGN observers incline now to view Chiang Kai-shek in jaundiced light. What he says and has said is interpreted currently as desperate remarks on the surface of political self-interest. We believe Chiang Kai-shek is underestimated, and we know that much of what he says is serious. Now he has told his followers to prepare for eight more years of war! This is heavy indeed, and horrible, but it is not only propaganda.

China is the great and ancient giant among civilizations. Chinese civilization is meeting during these decades one of the rare and mammoth crises of all human history. War is most tragically meshed in the movements and gears of China's passage, as it has been in similar journeys of all cultures. Even eight years is no long interlude in her labor. It was 1840 when the Opium War was fought, the first sharp battle that marks the renovation, or the rebuilding, or the revolution, or the disintegration of massive China, in the inevitable effective confrontation with other cultures. In 1911, after serious penetration by the West, China went through her deep political revolution. And the wars continued, within and from without. The institutions and the spirit of China are out of equilibrium: it is the Yang phase, isn't it, far from peaceful Yin? The Chinese gave first expression to the rhythm. Democracy, humanitarianism, science: it is easy to name factors from abroad which China, in vast distress, must face and manage. But the whole spirit which she has met, and meets, and will meet, is not single and not possible to identify surely. There is, from the Nearer East, Christianity. China's fate, as all the world's, depends upon how fully the Christian spirit meets her from abroad, and how fully China herself can turn to animate her future by its grace. Eight years will not decide.

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Writing for Children

I DO not believe that an author can write anything of value for children if he has not himself kept the soul of a child, quick to rise to the soul of an adult; if he has not remained the sort of child about whom Walt Whitman sang, that child who went out every day and will always go out every day, *in order to commune with the world about him.*

It is important to initiate the child into poetic knowledge, or rather to exalt his gifts and his predilection for such knowledge. To do this it is not a question of teaching the world to the young reader but of rediscovering with him the miracles which occur there every day.

What must be unequivocally avoided, in regard to children, whether we are speaking or writing, is condescension, the superiority of the important person, an edifying or stupefying tone which claims to adapt itself to the language and mentality of the child.

Every child deserves to be taken with the utmost seriousness. It is not condescension but recognition of his freshness and clarity that leads to dealing with him as an equal, placing our trust in his imagination, his powers of intuition, his freedom of judgment, his sense of pathos or of humor.

The worst of those who write for children, I believe, is the schoolmaster, with his pedantry and his professional mannerisms; is not the best of them the poet, ever a child?

CHARLES VILDRAC.

Sailing Alone Around the World

ARTHUR RANSOME

SAILING Alone Around the World is one of the immortal books. Joshua Slocum was the first man to sail round the world in a small boat with none but himself as captain, mate and crew. Other men may repeat the feat. No other man can be the first. Captain Slocum's place in history is as secure as Adam's. So long as men sail the seas they will be interested in that first single-handed circumnavigation and will wish to read the book in which the story of that voyage is told. It has inspired and will inspire many other voyages. It has illumined and will illumine the dreams of many boat owners who can never hope to make a longer voyage than they can cram into a fortnight's holiday. It has been and will be a delight to many who can voyage only in their own armchairs.

Navigator first of all, Captain Slocum built his own boats and wrote his own books with, as he admirably says, "a hand, alas, that has grasped the sextant more often than the plane or pen." This is as proud an apology as that of John Younger, the shoemaker of Kelso, author of a first-rate guide to Tweed fishing, who assures his reader that "he has got the very best style the writer can possibly afford from thirty shillingsworth of scholastic education." No apology was needed. He was a master mariner accustomed for many years to the keeping of a log and to an exact use of words. His is almost always the simple direct style of the old pilot-books, written by sailors for sailors. (There has been a notable falling off in the quality of the writing in these books since they have come to consider the needs only of large vessels mechanically propelled and to be written by men without the close intimacy with winds and sea that the handling of such vessels cannot give.) His friends, fortunately for him, were seamen, not writers, though throughout his life he had a passion for books. The *Spray* carried her library with her and sailed herself for thousands of miles while Captain Slocum sat reading in her cabin. His reading might well have spoiled his writing. It did not. His phrases stick in the mind. When a whale scratches its enormous back on the keel of his tiny boat, he quietly notes that "for broad rippling humor, the whale has no equal." After escaping from horrible danger among breakers, he observes that "Any weather that one's craft can live in, after escaping from a lee shore, is pleasant weather . . . though some may be pleasanter than others." After stomach trouble at sea he tells us that he threw his stock of plums overboard "by inspiration." And what could be better than his simple advice to young sailors: "you must then know the sea, and know that you know it, *and not forget that it was made to be sailed over.*"

But the virtue of his book does not lie in his occasional memorable phrases. It is in the man himself, confident, serene, modest and blessed with the most infectious of all gifts, an immense power of enjoyment. He makes no fuss about anything but relishes each moment as it comes and shares his gusto with his readers. The building of the new *Spray* out of the old; the disbelief of the other old sailors in the efficacy of his cotton caulking (he knowing all the time that he meant to lay oakum over the cotton); his happy memory of the deacon asleep in chapel, feeling the edge of the pew hard under his elbow like the gunwale of a boat, and jigging for squid during the sermon; the episode of the tin-tacks (believe it or not); his argument with President Kruger, who held that as the earth was flat Slocum was sailing not round it but on it; his welcome in Gibraltar; his dreadful struggle through the Magellan Straits only to be hurled back to a worse place than that from which he had started; his visit to Vailima where he found himself heading a native procession side by side with Mrs. Steven-

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son; his encounter with Black Pedro and his squaws; all through the book, to the final tying up of the *Spray* to the old stump to which she had been tethered at her launching. Among those who know this book, a common cure for all kinds of ills is to forget them and "sail round the world with Slocum once again."

Of course, many more people know of Slocum than have had the good fortune to read his book. It has not always been easy to find a copy. And, of those who know *Sailing Alone Around the World,* not one in ten thousand knows his earlier book, *Voyage of the Liberdade,* published by Roberts Brothers of Boston in 1894. The two books are now brought together. *Voyage of the Liberdade* has not so spectacular a subject as *Sailing Alone,* but it has the same invaluable quality of gusto, the same direct power of letting the reader share the experiences it describes. It is in two parts. The first, and the less interesting, tells from the point of view of her harassed captain the story of the loss of his ship, the *Aquidneck,* which was due to an almost fantastic combination of South American political vendettas and (even so long ago) red tape. The second is one of the best stories of a small-boat voyage that has ever been written. The *Liberdade* was a canoe-like vessel, designed by Captain Slocum with fishing dories and sampans in his mind. She was 35 feet long, with a beam of 7 feet 6 inches and a draught of 2 feet 6 inches. Her building was begun aboard the *Aquidneck* and her size was dictated by the length between poop and deckhouse. The *Aquidneck* being a total loss, and sold to wreckers, the Captain, his wife and two of his sons, one aged eighteen and already serving as mate, the other a very small boy, were debating what to do with the unfinished canoe when the Captain suddenly exclaimed, "Let's sail home in her and be a real shipwrecked crew!" It was a decision like so many others in his life, a decision like that which made him accept in all earnest the wreck of the old *Spray* when a fellow captain said, "I've a ship for you," and showed him the old ruin standing in a field. They did sail home in her, an American Family Robinson, a deep sea voyage of over five thousand miles, and the only complaint heard on the voyage was that of the very small boy who, finding it hard to steady himself while kneeling beside his bunk at night, protested, "This boat isn't big enough to pray in." It is astonishing to me that this book is so little known even in America, where at the time the voyage aroused great interest, and the *Liberdade* herself was preserved in the Smithsonian Institution.

The two books cover less than five years out of a crammed sea life of over fifty. It is good news for all of us that Captain Victor Slocum, Joshua Slocum's eldest son, sixty years ago the mate of the *Liberdade* and of the wrecked *Aquidneck,* is preparing a biography of his father. He has from time to time published in *Yachting* articles on his father's life and voyages. These were reprinted by Mr. George Slocum (a relative and a great admirer of the captain) in a pamphlet which celebrated the launching in 1944 of the *Joshua Slocum,* a Liberty ship named in honor of the circumnavigator. The facts in the following short summary are taken from these articles, which, pending the completion of the biography, must be considered the sole source of authentic information on the subject.

★

Captain Joshua Slocum was born in Nova Scotia in 1844. His father was a farmer, but for many generations his had been a seafaring family and, like most small boys along that coast, he spent every minute of his holidays in and out of small boats, though like many other sailors he never learned to swim. He was eight years old when his family moved to Briar's Island and he left school and was put to work on the farm. At the age of twelve he was caught making a ship model in the cellar where he should have been grading potatos, was given a beating, saw his model smashed and ran away from home. For the next few years he earned a living for himself, as cook, ship's boy and what not, among the fishermen on the Bay of Fundy. At the age of sixteen he and a friend sailed before the mast in a full-rigged ship from St. John, New Brunswick, to Dublin. We next hear of him as an ordinary seaman in a British ship, sailing from England to China. He went down with fever and was left in hospital at Batavia. There he made a very good friend in Captain Airy of the S.S. *Soushay.* He left Batavia in the *Soushay,* and in that vessel voyaged through the Moluccas to Australia and back, touching at many far-eastern ports. He can have lost no opportunity of educating himself, for at eighteen he was promoted to second mate. He twice rounded the Horn in British ships.

His next venture was in salmon fishing for the canneries on the Pacific Coast. Here, while working as a netsman, he designed and built his own boat, had a successful season in her and sold her. He then turned to the hunting of sea otters for their skins, but he was not for long away from blue water. In 1869, at the age of twenty-five, he was given his first command, a schooner carrying grain and coal between San Francisco and Seattle. A year later he sailed from San Francisco to Sydney in command of the barque *Washington.* She carried a general cargo to Australia but was to proceed from Sydney to Alaska for salmon fishing, taking with her the material from which to build the boats that would be needed,

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Captain Slocum, with his experience both in actual fishing and in the designing and building of fishing boats, was obviously the right man to take charge of the expedition, which was one of the first American enterprises in those waters after the transfer of Alaska from Russia to America in 1867.

In Sydney Captain Slocum met and married his first wife, who sailed with him on the six-thousand-mile voyage from Sydney to the far northern fisheries. Mrs. Slocum brought with her her young brother, a boy of twelve, who long afterwards remembered how the captain designed two fishing boats that were built aboard the *Washington* during the long voyage, and how all hands were kept busy turning old sails into tents, so that by the time the ship reached Alaska everything was ready for the work of fishing and salting the fish. There followed the first of Captain Slocum's many exploits in snatching triumph out of disaster. The *Washington* had hardly reached Kasilov and was still putting the gear ashore when she dragged anchor in a gale and, being in ballast, riding high, was driven far up the beach. The sand piled up outside her and there were no means of floating her again. Captain Slocum never for a moment thought of abandoning the enterprise. He went on taking everything ashore that was needed to build living quarters and establish his fishery. He recruited Indians and, while the fishing was going on, built a 35-foot whaler, in which to reach the nearest port. They had a successful season, salted their salmon in barrels, and left them to be called for later. The little fleet of the two small fishing boats and the whaler (35 feet was Captain Slocum's lucky length in small boats . . . the length of the whaler, of the *Liberdade* and subsequently of the *Spray*) worked the tides to Kodiak, where they found two sealing schooners which they sent off to bring home the salt fish. The owners of the *Washington,* if they regretted the loss of their ship, must at least have been pleased with their captain, for they immediately gave him another vessel, the barquentine *Constitution,* sailing between San Francisco, Sydney and the South Sea Islands.

On one of the voyages of the *Constitution* occurred an event of great interest to all readers of *Sailing Alone.* Captain Slocum had sailed from Honolulu for San Francisco when the ship's chronometer broke down. He might well have returned to port or at least have been seriously delayed. Instead, being in the habit of checking his chronometer by lunar observations, he made an unusually fast passage and was presented with a gold watch by the *Constitution's* owners. Those who wish will find the formulas he used in Raper's Epitome, though the tables of lunar distances have long been omitted from the Nautical Almanac. They will understand that Captain Slocum's smiling references to the *Spray's* tin clock that had lost its minute hand but kept the hours "after I boiled her" was a little joke permissible to a highly skilled navigator and expert lunarian who had long before shown that all the chronometer he needed was a clock that would roughly indicate the hours.

In 1873 he was in command of the barque, *Benjamin Aymar* (San Francisco, Australia, Shanghai). This vessel was sold at Manila. Here Captain Slocum met a Mr. Jackson who had designed a 150-ton steamer. Captain Slocum promptly contracted to build her for him on the coast, some sixty miles away. He had his wife with him and his growing family. (All his four children were born either at sea or in some foreign port.) He began by building a house between the jungle and the shore, and then proceeded to turn raw jungle into boat. Noah must have faced similar difficulties in the building of the Ark. All the timber had to be cut on the spot and sawn into planks by hand. Chinese ship's carpenters in Manila resented the foreigner taking the contract. When the timber was ready, a plot to attack the family was foiled thanks only to the loyalty of the local natives. When the ship was built, an attempt to wreck the launching was defeated in the same way. Captain Slocum, in spite of all difficulties, carried out his contract, launched the steamer and became a ship-owner, taking a 90-ton schooner, the *Pato,* as part-payment for his work.

★

He had hardly brought this adventure, fit subject for a boy's book, to a successful end when he embarked on another, equally astonishing. As master and owner of the *Pato* he took on a charter to salvage the rich cargo of a British barque that lay wrecked on the North Danger Reef, 420 miles from Manila. In two weeks, the little schooner, racing against time, made three round-trips between Manila and the wreck. She was making a fourth when the expected shift of wind arrived and the wreck slewed round, slipped off the reef and went to the bottom. Captain Slocum then sailed the *Pato* to Hong Kong, where the sight of some old splitting knives found with other gear in one of her lockers stirred the fisherman in him once again and he took the little vessel 2900 miles up to Petropavlovsk on the Sea of Okhotsk, where he busied himself and his crew in long-lining out of dories for cod. He then sailed her another 2900 miles to Victoria, British Columbia. We next hear of her in the South Sea Islands. She was lying in Honolulu harbor when it was found that the crack mail schooner had sailed, leaving a bag of mail on the quay. Captain Slocum took the bag aboard,

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sailed after the mail schooner, caught her in a lucky squall and put the mail aboard. Fast sailing counted in those days and as a result of this exploit, in the possibility of which none but he had believed, he was able to sell the *Pato* "for a bag of gold," which he dropped into his wife's lap with "There's the damned schooner."

He then bought a share in an ancient barque, the *Amethyst* (400 tons), with the idea of using her in the timber trade between the Philippines and China. Mrs. Slocum made a long white burgee for her, with the date of her building upon it, and the *Amethyst* became known in Chinese waters as "Old Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Two." The timber trade slackened as the Chinese turned from wooden to iron construction for their vessels, and the *Amethyst* became a general freighter, carrying coal from Nagasaki to Vladivostok, ice from Hakadate to Hong Kong, gunpowder from Shanghai to Hainan and so on until, after Captain Slocum sold her, she went back to whaling and was lost at last among the Arctic ice floes.

In the early eighties, Captain Slocum was part-owner and master of the ship *Northern Light,* "the finest American sailing vessel afloat." He then bought a small but notably fast barque, the *Aquidneck*. He lost his wife at Buenos Aires in 1885. The following year, after an unlucky passage, in which the *Aquidneck* lost her main topmast and took a tow into New York, Captain Slocum gave his vessel a new mainmast and took himself a second wife. There followed the voyage to Montevideo and the series of misfortunes that led to the loss of the *Aquidneck* and the voyage of the *Liberdade*.

Times were bad for shipmasters and it is possible that we owe to the wreck of the *Aquidneck* not only Captain Slocum's first book but also his second. The family voyage in the *Liberdade* had been widely acclaimed in American newspapers, and when, after a year or two ashore with nothing much to do, Captain Slocum was offered the remains of the old *Spray,* propped up in a field, he may well have thought of repeating the *Liberdade* adventure on a more ambitious scale. He first saw the old boat in 1892, spent 1893 in completely rebuilding her with his own hands, in 1894 had an unsuccessful season fishing, and on April 24, 1895, sailed away from Boston on his voyage round the world at the age of fifty-one. He anchored at Newport just over three years later, on June 27, 1898, after crossing the Atlantic to Gibraltar, and thence going west about, through the Magellan Straits, across the Pacific to Australia, round the Cape of Good Hope and so, with a third crossing of the Atlantic, completing his circumnavigation of the world.

He went on sailing in the *Spray* after his return, taking his little vessel nearly every winter down to Grand Cayman in the West Indies. In 1909, at the age of sixty-five, he fitted out once more for a long voyage and in the autumn sailed from Bristol, R. I., for the Orinoco River. The *Spray* was never seen again. Captain Victor Slocum has made a sketch chart showing that on her projected voyage she would be crossing no less than five recognized steamer tracks and he believes that she must have been cut down in the night. Single-handed, Captain Slocum would leave her to sail herself while he went below and, alert and wakeful as he always was, he may for some reason have been unable to light a flare in time. Captain Victor, knowing the *Spray* well, considers it out of the question that she should have been overwhelmed by any sea or weather, whereas it is only too easily possible for a large steamer, moving at speed, to overrun a little vessel like the *Spray,* in spite of a vigilant lookout, without anyone aboard the steamer being aware of the accident.

Be that as it may, the *Spray* sailed on her last voyage, but she and her captain have joined the immortals and are sailing still, and will sail on and on so long as men can read his lovable and simple-hearted book.

How Illiterate Can Television Make Us?

CLIFTON M. UTLEY

SOME time ago I acquired a television set. I did so after much soul searching and inner debate. "Me," I said—I can take it or leave it. But how about the boys. It is much better to have them *playing* baseball than *looking* at a ball game. Maybe if we have television they'll just look all the time and not do anything at all. So perhaps we'd better not get one."

That, of course, wasn't the answer I wanted to end up with, so I had to go on arguing with myself. "But," I went on, "after all, you've got to have television. You make your living in radio. Television is moving in. If you don't find out something about it and get in on it, maybe you'll be out of a job."

So having rationalized myself into believing that my case was different. and having half convinced, or at least battered down the resistance of my slightly skeptical wife, the television was bought and installed to the joyous cheers of the younger Utleys.

I must confess that my subsequent experience has not been reassuring. Of course by this time you've heard television damned as an instrument that kills all conversation. There's some considerable truth in the charge, but I'm not certain

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that's an unmixed curse. A lot of our daily small talk is such bad conversation it deserves to be killed.

My chief worries lie elsewhere. Let me illustrate. The other night we had a small dinner party at home. Present at the table, in addition to Mrs. Utley, the two younger boys and myself, were a book publisher, a leading professor of sociology from a university in the Netherlands, and another couple — a well-known doctor and his wife.

In a weak moment some time previously I had promised the eight-year-old that he could watch the television news whenever it was on. I figured that in Chicago, where we do not as yet have network television, it would only amount to 10 minutes a day, and we could always take that.

With that insistence that the young always show at the least convenient times, the lad reminded me, half-way through dinner, that it was about time for the television news—"And Daddy, you know you promised." After that there wasn't much to do except turn it on, because I couldn't be convicted of being a promise-breaker in front of our guests—a point to which the eight-year-old had given malicious consideration before vocally telling everyone of the promise.

So we had the news. Afterwards I wasn't quite quick enough on the draw, so they saw that a movie was coming next. One of the guests said, "Let's just see how it starts." So we did. We saw how it started for an hour and a half and by that time it was over. In that period I seem to recall someone once saying, "Would you like some more blueberries" and I believe one of the dogs barked once. Otherwise the only sounds during the remainder of the meal—and long afterwards—came from the television.

Now it was an old movie. It wasn't a particularly good movie, except for the background of Schubert music which was lovely. Certainly no one there would have gone to the movie if he had had to go to a theatre to do so. But once it, so to speak, walked into our house and sat down at the dinner table with us, no one was willing to take his eyes off it until it finished. And this in a group whose members had a lot to say to each other.

I, for example, was anxious to find out how recovery was going in the Netherlands, whether progress was being made toward the Belgium-Dutch-Luxembourg customs union and a lot of other things. The Dutch professor of sociology wanted to ask questions about housing, proposed slum clearance, and other matters dealing with Chicago, but all that had to wait. At least it did wait.

Now all this has its alarming aspects. It raises the question, how illiterate can television make us? To which I know some of you will immediately answer, "Speak for yourself. How about you and your radio?"

Yes, I agree that radio has done a lot to increase functional illiteracy. If you find that phrase strange, I mean, by functional illiteracy, people who can read, but in fact don't. You can turn on the radio and let it drool by the hour, thus filling up time when you might be reading, conversing or doing something else. But you can also turn the radio off, and even if you don't do so, you can easily do a lot of things while the radio is on. You can wash dishes, fix the broken screen door, paint the wall, grease the car, make beds—oh, do lots of things. You can even read a book while listening to the radio—at least you can read against a musical background. In fact, some of the young, who have grown up with radio, sometimes seem practically incapable of reading a book unless they have a background of radio music going. Even if you never read while using the radio, the fact that you do get other things done at the same time, means that you have more free time to read later, than you would if you weren't able to listen and work at once.

With television you can't do both at once. You've got to be where the television receiver is, and look at it. You can, of course, turn the television off, but it's harder, and if you have children with any vocal powers of their own, you may find that the right to turn the thing off is a largely theoretical one.

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And there you see why I'm afraid. Television is unquestionably a much more arresting medium than radio, and at the same time it's a medium that monopolizes entire attention when it is on, and prevents one from doing anything else constructive. And if this is true at present when programs, in the mid-west, at least, are infrequent, and, aside from sports events, not particularly good—what's it going to be like when television goes into long pants?

I am not concerned for the future of the very intelligent person of strong will. Such a person will become literate, do the necessary studying and get a good education no matter what happens. Most of us are not so strong willed. Television makes it much easier to be illiterate. It almost seems as though television suspects this today. They do have title cards on the television screen, but I notice the announcer almost always explains what the titles say, as though the television impresarios figured the listening and looking audience was already losing the capacity to read.

I suppose we will find some way to minimize the threat of functional illiteracy posed by television, but the educators are going to be hard

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pressed to find a way to do it. Because the job is not merely to teach people to read and get them reading enough while they are in school. The real job is to implant in them enough intellectual curiosity and desire for reading, so that 10 years later, when they have been exposed to television for a decade, but have not been exposed to school during that period, they will still have a desire to read, and find time to do so, despite the fact that a medium as strong as television which appeals to the inherent laziness in all of us, is competing for our time and attention.

Now, just one more point to answer an argument that those of you who do not have television are bound to make. "But," you will say, "can't you go about your work and listen to the *sound* side of television without looking at it?" Listen: Before the Utley's had television, our eight-year-old, who is quite a reasonable and tractable lad, was a constant aid to us in washing dishes after dinner and in similar chores. Theoretically, he still helps. We suggest he just listen to the television, which is in the living room, and wipe the dishes in the kitchen. He starts out all right. But after about two dishes he is pretty apt to be in front of the television screen, with a dish towel and a half-wiped dish in hand. Apparently holding the towel and dish salves his conscience. Or maybe he doesn't even know he has the dish and towel in hand.

To which you will say, "Haven't we any discipline in the home? Can't we meet the problem? Don't we know how to raise our own children?" Well—there are some things that can't be explained. You have to experience them. If you have television, you understand the problem. If you haven't, wait until you get one—you'll understand then, because it will be your problem too.

The other night I was trying to explain some of these problems of television to a British friend, fresh from the other side, and to whom television was simply a word in neon lights that stood beside the other word, "beer," in tavern windows. He listened sympathetically. Then with that optimism that marks the British character in moments of adversity, he offered this observation: "Just think," he said, "if television makes everybody illiterate, what a wonderful medium it will be to teach people to read again."

Communications

IS CHRISTIAN INDUSTRIALISM POSSIBLE?

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Mr. David Hennessy has appealed to my recent article in COMMONWEAL (October 1) to bolster his own case in his argument with Mr. John Cort. I had not intended entering the debate. Mr. Cort does not need my help, even though I agree with him. He has presented his case better than I could—the only case which to me makes sense and is in agreement with the Papal social letters. . . .

In my mind, at least, I believe that I have long supported the position taken by Mr. Cort in the matter of industrialism. If in my article I seemed to oppose him, that only demonstrates how ineptly I write.

Moreover, I have always considered that my position was partially derived, as it was in Mr. Cort's case, from contacts with the *Catholic Worker* of early days. And that only demonstrates that I don't know how to read either, apparently.

Agrarianism as a way of life that should be supported and safeguarded and even made more attractive for more people is unquestionably a matter that should be of some concern to all of us.

Agrarianism, on the other hand, as an absolute and a dogma, is to me, personally, distressing and wearying. In my experience it has wearied, frustrated, and enervated many other Christians, and an unfortunate number of young people who might otherwise have helped in the task of incarnating the Spirit of Christ into the life of the twentieth century.

With Father Victor Dillard, S.J. (*The Priest and the Proletariat,* by Robert Kothen; Sheed and Ward), I have had the feeling that "in our day Christ would probably have loved steel as He loved wood" and that He would have been a steel worker. He would have embraced it and would have glorified it as He did wood.

Whether Christ would have become a steel worker is, in a sense, an idle speculation. Even raising the question, however, points up the fundamental task for the members of Christ today—the embracing of the twentieth century and the embracing of steel. How the members of Christ will accomplish their task in their day as He did in His is a problem which will not be solved by flight, much less by anarchy.

REV. DANIEL M. CANTWELL
Catholic Labor Alliance.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: John Cort's admission that he was at the *Catholic Worker* for two and a half years and never heard of pacifism, the general strike, anti-industrialism, worker ownership of the means of production, agrarianism, the village economy, recognition of the reality of class war, is indeed enlightening. All of these have, with varied emphasis, been part of the *Catholic Worker* from the beginning. I picked them up from the CW around 1935—they are contributions of the CW to my thinking. They are not my contribution to the CW.

Mr. Cort, like the capitalist and Marxist economists, has a narrowly economic view of "mass production"—he ignores the psychological factors involved in it. And it was on the basis of these factors that Gill rested his case. Gill's condemnation of mass production was valid even if he didn't know how to produce a typewriter under "Christian conditions." It is a question of giving primacy to human values, and values based on the

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transcendental. It is the job of those technically equipped and convinced of the validity of Gill's position to figure out how to produce typewriters in such a way. Because Gill's defense of the typewriter in itself—apart from the way it is produced—was quite valid for he regarded it as an extension of the hand of man and something man could control. To discredit the CW Movement because we all do not possess the technical ability to draw minute plans seems to me rather highhanded.

As to class war, our position is about identical with that expressed in Berdyaev's *Christianity and Class War*. That book should have been around the CW when Mr. Cort was there—evidentally it is another thing he missed. The position is simply this: That no matter how undesirable we regard class war we cannot cure it by piety. That is: if we deliberately refuse to examine and remove the economic causes of it. What we maintain is that under the capitalist system class war is inevitable and cannot be dissolved except by a dissolution of acquisitive class society. For, no matter what the adjustments may be on one side or the other, if you maintain the present system you maintain a system wherein it is to the interests of the capitalist class to buy labor as cheaply as possible and sell the products of labor as dearly as possible. And it is to the interests of labor to sell itself as dearly as possible and buy the products as cheaply as possible. There is an inevitable clash there and no amount of moralizing is going to dissolve it. It will be dissolved when one of the classes is dissolved and, if we place human values (as expressed economically in production for use) above narrowly economic ones (as expressed in production for profit), then the Christian aim should be the elimination of the capitalist class. Not by violence, but by the workers taking over the means of production and then working towards a decentralized and de-industrialized system. . . .

As to compensation to capitalists, I don't think we have to worry much about that. They would not be left destitute for they could join the ranks of the workers and earn a living. As a class they have exploited and robbed labor over many years. And at any rate the human values to be gained from such a change would more than compensate for material losses to a few men. The idea of a village economy, which seems new to Mr. Cort was advocated by Peter Maurin. It simply means that a number of farms would have as their center a village or small city in which those who had no vocation to farming would be employed. There is nothing very complicated about the idea.

Mr. Cort accuses me of not accepting the papal encyclicals. At the CW the night he refers to in his article . . . I maintained that the papal encyclicals were not infallible unless an *ex cathedra* decision were contained in them—and that decision would be infallible, but not necessarily the whole encyclical . . . now he has me rejecting the encyclicals outright—a quite unwarranted conclusion.

The Pope mentions "vocational groups" as Mr. Cort points out. I maintain that such groups would be more characteristic of a functional society than in our present one. The Pope also mentions that things which can be carried out by organizations other than the State should so be done. I believe that all such things can be better carried out by organizations other than the State—that we can dispense with the State.

It was always Peter's contention that the papal encyclicals were minimum programs and that this should not prevent us from going beyond them to the advocacy of a society which (economically) would be distributist or communitarian.

Finally John Cort's assertion that there is a "new dispensation" at Mott Street and, presumably, I am responsible for it is a bit childish. He knows as well as I that Miss Day is in charge of the whole work—that there are others on the editorial staff and that the house is in charge of Tom Sullivan and not myself.

ROBERT LUDLOW
The Catholic Worker

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: John Cort's discussion on Christian Industrialism and the Vocational Groups interests me very much. I think he takes Mr. Ludlow too seriously—a person who admits that he does not accept the papal encyclicals, and then in the same breath attempts to give Catholic interpretation of an industrial problem.

No one has been any more critical of the capitalistic system than I. Yet, who would dare to contradict this statement of Pius XI in *Quadresagesimo Anno*:

> Leo XIII's whole endeavor was to adjust this economic régime to the standards of true order; whence it follows that the system itself is not to be condemned. And surely it is not vicious of its very nature; but it violates right order whenever capital so employs the working or wage-earning classes as to divert business and economic activity entirely to its own arbitrary will and advantage *without any regard* to the human dignity of the workers, the social character of economic life, social justice and the common good.

It strikes me that Mr. Cort's opponents consider the machine as something *per se* evil. They assume that each and every worker is a potential, creative artist and that labor that is expended with utility as its end for the sustaining of 135,000,000 people is somehow a degradation.

There is a social as well as a personal aspect to work. What is missing is the spirit of Christian solidarity. If ten men on a production line were thoroughly imbued with a spirit of Christ, motivated in their efforts by a love of their fellowman, and had raised their labor to the level of the supernatural by Faith and intention, why would they not be carrying out the social obligations of physical toil? Must a man work on his own material, with his own tools, and create a work of art before he can be said to be a Christian worker?

If all men are to be artists, who will sell peanuts to the artists' children?

The encyclicals of Leo and Pius . . . urge two wide reforms—one in the State so that the social framework

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may be reconstructed through the establishment of a Guild System; the other a return to Faith and Morals.

It is my opinion that John Cort is correct, as he usually is, and that Mr. Ludlow comes very close to expressing a Marxian interpretation.

REV. WILLIAM J. SMITH, S. J.
Director
Crown Heights Associated Activities

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am happy to see that John Cort has brought the quarrel between the Catholic Distributists and the Catholic Industrial Planners out into the open. . . . The detached purism of the Distributists and the hard-headed "we-and-the-Pope" neatness of the Industrialists has been such as to nauseate the novice in the field. Absolute stands are being taken on very thin ice. . . .

My sympathies lie largely with the Distributists because I think that they prescribe a root attack upon a root disease. They have pointed out that secularism as a theory, and industrialism as a fact, have produced in the modern man a condition described as "intellectual irresponsibility." This condition is quite apart from the facts of whether the man likes his job, is under- or overpaid, or whether he works in the factory or the front office. In the issue of *Integrity* on Mass Production we made the point that this system is not merely a technique for producing the inanimate, but that it is the ordering of men to a specific end and for a specific purpose, and it is thus a kind of *social* order. This end to which the average worker is ordered is usually antagonistic to the common good in which he participates as citizen and as Christian. His loyalty and devotion to the end of corporation profits makes him irresponsible to the duties of citizen and Christian. The profit-centeredness of the corporation inculcates a profit-centeredness in the worker which blinds him to the need for either altruism or charity.

The weak spots in the Distributist theory have been the overemphasis on the peculiarities of the Distributists. No one man can properly exemplify a social system. Only a community of persons, each preferring to remain anonymous, can bear tangible witness to the validity of a social experiment. That Chesterton had romantic tendencies, or Belloc enjoyed the smell of powder, or Gill preferred to work directly on the stone, are facts that may delight or disconcert a biographer, but, as facts, they have no direct bearing on the problem of constructing a social order in which average men by the practice of average virtue can save their souls.

By the same token, the fact that John Cort doesn't care to live in the country in no way adds or detracts from the fact that the teeming populations of our cities cannot be expected to adopt Christian virtues as long as they are confined to rat-infested chicken coops, even with television and a share of the profits.

To the degree that the aspirations of the Christian Industrialists counterbalance the medieval romanticism among the Distributists, their contribution is valuable. The mechanical contrivance is here to stay unless the

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descent of atomic bombs produces a state of universal amnesia. Increased populations and the use of the machine are two factors which make it likely that men will achieve worker-responsibility, not as single craftsmen but as parts of comprehensive teams, teams in which the common good will be made manifest to each man so that he can consciously seek that end in his work.

If we accept the present orientation of corporations to their own profit at the expense of the common good, and if we accept the institution sired by such conflicting aims, whether it be the NAM or the CIO, we cannot within such a framework put the encyclical directives into operation. The co-operation asked for by the Popes (according to my interpreters) was not between economic classes, but between *ordines* composed of functional subdivisions of society each orientated to the common good. The process of co-operation will be the by-product of Christianization. Christianity will be the *cause* before it is the result of right order.

Mr. Ludlow may be rash in his choice of phrases, but he is no more rash than Mr. Cort, who asks for co-operation between Christian *ordines,* which, as yet (as far as I can see) do not exist.

ED WILLOCK
Editor, *Integrity.*

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: The debate between John Cort and his opponents about Christianizing industrialism sounds quite a bit to me like trying to play a basketball game on a football field. I suggest that the two sides are, for the most part, talking about two things which are, at this moment of history, unfortunately quite separate: John Cort is talking about the necessity for a Christian apostolate in industrialized cities; his opponents are talking about a Christian apostolate on the land. The first is intended to reach mass production workers; the second to reach individual workers who live entirely or largely by the work of their hands.

The two apostolates must be carried on. They are not divergent, but convergent. One objective which should be common to the two is the decentralization of population, especially Catholic population, for the good of the Christian home and family.

Urban apostles could work toward this end by organizing urban family heads into groups to study the possibilities and advantages of living on the land, in small towns, or even in suburban communities.

Rural apostles could work toward this end by developing and strengthening Christian communities on the land and in small towns—and also opposing the growing industrialization of agriculture.

It is good that a few families escape urban industrialism by establishment on the land. But a solution for a few is not a social solution. The problem is a social one, like carrying on the labor apostolate, the rural life apostolate, the interracial apostolate. I don't think the problem will finally be solved until the concurrent efforts of both apostolates yield Christian communities in which machinery and agriculture serve man.

NORMAN MCKENNA.

The Stage & Screen

Set My People Free

A NUMBER of Broadway's most accomplished players are struggling to forward Dorothy Heyward's present piece in the Theatre Guild's first production of the season, and I wish it might be said that their material is worth their efforts, although I fear it is not. Mrs. Heyward's play is valiant, I guess, in purpose, but somewhere along the line it scatters its dramatic impact and I am wondering whether the business has not been somewhat too long in the writing; whether it has not been reworked until it was overworked entirely. The story gives us the account of an historical but abortive uprising of slaves in Charleston, South Carolina, planned in the year 1810 and to be accomplished in the year 1822. Denmark Vesey, an African Negro, self-educated by incessant Bible readings and firmly convinced of his own "call" to be the Moses of his people, is the leader of the rising. There is indeed a great deal of historical and melodramatic interest in this man's personal strength, strategic ability, and strange, rather inarticulate character as presented by the author. However, Mrs. Heyward's purpose has not been simply melodramatic; she has wished to impress us philosophically as well. She opposes to her plain hero a further Negro, slave of a "good" master, a man who is already dubious of freedom at the cost of bloodshed, and whose cultural ties with his own race are already dim. All this argument works out into a play of ten scenes with five separate settings, an enormous cast, and very little drama whatever. And I must confess the *point* of the author's argument escapes me. Is it historical American slavery *which has moved her?* or *is it* some comment on the modern totalitarian variety? or is it merely some mixdrix of conceptions which leads her to believe that any slight touching upon our first and most vital racial problem will make an acceptable play. I must confess that I cannot choose any answer among these questions.

Canada Lee in the rôle of the "civilized" and confused slave does a fine and subtle job. He is somewhat luckier than the rest in that his costume honestly fits him and he wears it with grace. His "master," Blaine Cordner, is not so sartorially fortunate. In the chief part, Juano Hernandez is simply miscast. He has not the build of a man of action and under Martin Ritt's usual brand of direction comes off as a distortion of the excellent actor he is. Mr. Ritt ought honestly not to be hired. First of all, he cannot place actors on a stage; and, secondly, he cannot move them. What his excuse as a director can be, I cannot imagine. Finally, the settings by Ralph Alswang are the cheapest I have seen in seasons: ill-planned, ill-painted, and ill-lit. It is necessary to add that the week of November 1st, 1948, is to be remembered for far more glorious upsets than this one, but I cannot see that as any excuse for the wasting of talented actors on every score. (*at the Hudson*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

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My Victory Is My Martyrdom

IN AN inspired performance, Ingrid Bergman portrays the last three years in the earthly life of Saint Joan. It is not difficult to believe that the heroine of the beautifully made movie, *"Joan of Arc,"* was a saint; what is more difficult to believe as one watches reel after reel of this handsome film is that this Joan was also a real flesh-and-blood girl. At times Bergman moves as if in a trance; she is actually hearing the voices from heaven that told her she must drive the English from French soil; but we can't help wishing that we could also be made to believe that she heard and faced the temptations of everyday life—that she had a few of the earthy troubles that most of us have to meet. It is true that in the big scene in which she finally submits to her judges ("I would rather abjure than be burned") Joan is human; her fear of fire drives her to deny the voices. But later Joan the saint, admitting her mistake in abjuring, realizes that to live without faith is more terrible than the fire, more terrible than dying young.

Because Joan is practically always portrayed as a saint, it is difficult for us to project ourselves into the film. We are naturally interested in Joan and we watch her with fascination as she goes through the familiar episodes from Domremy with her family, to Vaucouleurs, where she wins the governor (George Coulouris) to her cause, to the court at Chinon, where the tricky Dauphin (expertly played by José Ferrer) is finally convinced of her mission. The picture takes on even greater interest as we see Joan with her captains, commanding her army and in battle.

The scenes of the trial and the burning are by far the most interesting, although the whole picture deserves praise for its magnificent pageantry and handsome Technicolor that brings out the beauty of the regal and clerical apparel. Perhaps what intensifies the fascination of the trial episodes is our realization that in spite of Cauchon's determination to find Joan guilty of heresy, the trial itself was conducted with more fairness than most trials of its day. While the prisoner was by no means treated with dignity or even decency as a person, she was allowed her say; and Joan handled herself well.

The script, written by Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt, should be credited for using as many of the accepted Joan quotations as possible. The main trouble with this script, as well as with the direction of Victor Fleming, is that the film makers were overawed by their subject. If possible in telling the story of Joan (and maybe this cannot be done), the entire piece should be kept on simple, unpretentious terms. While Walter Wanger merits praise for the beauty of his production, one wishes he had stressed realism more than splendor and that Joan's armor were not so shining or so white. But in spite of this armor (which too strongly recalls Tennyson's Galahad), Saint Joan shines through Bergman's performance and we can still hear her ringing speech to her army: "Our strength is in our faith. . . . We can win only if we become God's army—only if we purge ourselves of sin." PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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"Style Is the Man"

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

THE YEARLY output of children's books in the United States attains mammoth proportions, as is to be expected in America, and excellence in physical qualities, which it shares with milk, freezers, cars, canned goods, and similarly perfect American products.

This is no sneer. If we are struck first by an impressive commercial achievement, it is not only on spectacular grounds. That such examples of craftsmanship in printing and presentation of books be offered over and over again is remarkable. Anyone at all familiar with the European field, even before the war, cannot help feeling that the American yearly output of children's books is akin to a Thanksgiving dinner table. What a meal! And one cannot but develop respect and friendly feeling for all the workers on the editing, printing or selling staff of publishing firms who are such perfectionists in their work.

This year again, these extremely good features are present: number and distinctive physical qualities. It is quite impossible to name all the houses doing such a splendid job. I should like to mention a few which have particularly caught my attention: Coward-McCann, Doubleday, Harcourt, Lippincott, Oxford University Press, Pantheon, Random House, Scribner, Viking, Whittlesey; and there may be others.

It is a treat to handle books made with such care, and at prices relatively low, when compared with toy prices and the general rise in the cost of living. The making of a book, especially a children's book, requires so much work, and the interest and cooperation of so many people! From the writer's point of view, it is no small joy to see one's own thoughts clothed and presented to the public through an adequate physical medium. In Europe this is possible only through de-luxe editions. Whereas here this satisfaction can be experienced by any writer writing for the boys and girls in the street and on the farm. I know it from personal experience.

That I am a writer is perhaps unfortunate for the subject at hand! Should writers be reviewers? It has advantages and disadvantages. But, after all, if writers "know the difference," they know it for themselves too. That means they should be able to give an opinion based on the writing itself, and not on their own personal likes or dislikes. And that is precisely what I am trying to do here.

Generally speaking, this abundant and fine display of children's books this year leaves me with the following impression: it is like going to a large cafeteria and finding rows and rows of truly magnificent-looking huge cakes, breath-taking in number and appearance. But once you sample them. . . . Of course some will have a chocolate flavor, or banana, or pineapple. The "subject" will be different. But, one and all, will turn out to have the same wholesome, dull, taste.

So do children's books. Is it un-American to say so? Should I just praise what is good? Dwell on the positive side? Isn't that the right attitude? The way to make friends?

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I don't believe a word of it and I give my fellow Americans the credit for not believing it either no matter how hard they may pretend to the contrary.

So let us proceed, unafraid.

We have books of all sorts of flavors: imaginative, scientific, sportive. About girls, boys, animals, machines, etc. Good. In this article I do not consider non-fiction books which call for a special treatment. But what strikes me most when reading the stories, fanciful and factual, for boys and girls from 5 to 15, is the absence of style. To put it bluntly: the books are not written, they are poured in. The writers think of a subject, then launch into it. When the subject matter runs out the story comes to an end.

This accounts for the great number of books which are neither bad nor good. The writers function fairly well as technicians. They have pet subjects, whether horses or little girls. The sentences are on the whole correct. The plot develops according to schedule. But take any of these books at random, and, reading a page aloud, try to recognize the writer!

The writer has not dug far enough into his own feelings, reactions, experiences, to be under the inner compulsion of finding a distinctive plan of composition for his work, and, within that original structure, a rhythm, an arrangement of words, a construction of sentences, a movement, which will suit him and nobody else, and what he has to say and that nobody else should be able to say in quite the same way.

The subject matter is practically irrelevant. It is what one has to say and the way one says it. So much so that even when the subject matter is outmoded as in the stories in France of Mme. de Ségur, yet the books go on being enjoyed by new generations of children who know nothing of crinolines and are outraged at the social injustices apparent in the stories. We enjoy Le Nain's paintings, though his peasants have nothing in common with the American farmer.

Writing takes physical, technical and artistic work. It is evident that all American writers of children's books put in the physical work, back-breaking and feet-itching! That is partly why anyone familiar with that sort of torture hates to criticize other writers' books. So many hours of sheer physical toil!

As far as the technical side is concerned I mentioned that the American writers function fairly well. But for most of them it does not go beyond "functioning," which is insufficient, because the technical and artistic aspects cannot be separated. Beyond the fundamentals a development of technique appears as absolutely necessary for literary expression and vice-versa—a deepening of what one has to say leads toward a more masterful technique. Style is much more than writing gymnastics. Working at it is a process of elimination. One keeps getting closer and closer to what one wants to convey. This is not done by sheer correct sentences, nor a good plot, nor adequate observations. All these are but an elementary requisite. It is *after* that, that the writing work begins. Trying to find a way to pass on what one has to say. It is largely a process of decanting, first, what one has to say, then the way to say it. This merciless cutting off the un-essential, both within and without, can go on for years, half-conscious or conscious, and once you sit down to write, it is all there. Or else it can be done while writing. One way or another. But it has to be done, in order to achieve transfer, in a direct contact, to the reader, of certain relations perceived by the writer through his own experiences, whether factual, imaginative or psychological.

It is this effort to integrate one's own perceptions into the writing, which results in style, which I find most prominently lacking in the children's books of this year. I would like to find more books where it would be hard to change a sentence, a word, without changing the individual style of the author and thereby its meaning and import. I think of Perrault's Tales, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Rabbit, The Wind in the Willows, Tom Sawyer, to mention only authors who are no longer with us.

It is obvious that what I have just sketched on the process of writing is just as true for adult books. But considering the brilliant exterior of this year's children's book output, I have kept wondering why most of the authors have dispensed with the art of writing all together! Not having worked sufficiently on what they had to say, they leave us with the impression they had little or nothing to say. And that, to the children of the atomic age! Some may remark that you cannot put in a book more than you are yourself. I prefer to believe that most present-day writers of children's books in the United States do not work enough on what they are.

If anyone thinks this way of looking at children's books unfair, I can only say that it is the only way I wish my own books to be criticized, it being the only kind of appreciation which raises children's book production where it belongs—among literary achievements.

Picture Books

All Around the Town. Phyllis McGinley. Ill. by Helen M. Stone. Lippincott. $2.

ARRESTING and gay pictures in color and black and white of New York familiar sights. Easy and funny verse. The reviewer enjoyed especially the Subway and the Zoo. Anyone, big and small, who loves New York will love that book too.

The Big Snow. Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan. $2.50.

WHAT happens to all the animals when winter sets in and how people who live in the country can befriend them. A warmhearted and pleasant picture book.

Blueberry For Sal. Robert McCloskey. Viking. $2.

WHAT happened when little Sal went blueberrying with her mother. A very amusing idea which needed only the eloquent drawings of McCloskey.

Cats For Kansas. Le Grand. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.50.

A JOY of a picture book! Based on American folklore; how cats came to Kansas.

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Country Fireman. Jerrold Beim. Ill. by Leonard Shortall. Morrow. $2.

A USEFUL picture book with everything about country firemen, equipment and how to beat a grass fire. All little boys will love it, but they should not believe that a grass fire is so considerate as to spread as slowly as it does in this book!

Eagle in the Wind. Carl Carmer and Elizabeth Black Carmer. Aladdin. $2.50.

A WEATHERVANE eagle and his adventurous story told with a most pleasing economy of words and a lovely poetical turn. The pictures are as dramatic as the text. That eagle is a valuable addition to the circle of children's friends.

Hook and Ladder No. 3. Bill and Bernard Maetin. Tell Well Press. $1.

A BRIGHT, useful little book to teach children what the ladder truck does in a fire outfit.

Is It Hard? Is It Easy? Mary McBurney Green. With pictures by Lucienne Bloch. W. R. Scott. $1.

A CARDBOARD book for the 3 to 6. Ann's and Tim's experiences are theirs: what is hard and what is easy; what you can do alone and what you can do only together. In its simple, unassuming way this book is the discovery of the other fellow.

Juanita. Leo Politi. Scribner's. $2.

AN EXQUISITE book, with a quality of purity which lingers after you are through like an immense peaceful benediction. Tells of everyday life along Olivera Street, the Mexican section of Los Angeles. The story of little Juanita, who presented her dove to be blessed at the yearly Blessing of the Animals, is interwoven with lovely folk songs. The pictures are very beautiful. The text has been polished to essential and graceful simplicity. Every Catholic child should have this book on his shelf as a treasure and a friend. More than that, I think no Protestant or Jewish child should be deprived of its quiet and luminous message of humanity and faith.

Leo, The Little St. Bernard. Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu. Ill. by Marguerite Kirmse. Lippincott. $2.

A ST. BERNARD dog is always a sure hit, so will be this lovable scamp Leo, who manages to answer the call of duty in a rather roundabout way! Leo is every child's friend.

A Year in the City: a Bank Street Book. (The Little Golden Library.) Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Pictures by Tibor Gergely. Simon and Schuster. $.25.

GAY, amusing, exciting, colorful pictures about everything in the city, including what lies under the pavement.

The Golden Sleepy Book. Margaret Wise Brown. Ill. by Garth Williams. Simon and Schuster. $.25.

PARENTS will welcome that winsome little book which should charm everyone to sleep, and, probably, children will sleep with it!

Little Old Automobile. Story and Pictures by Marie Hall Etts. Viking. $1.50.

THE rest of us have often seen old junk piles along the road, and the wrecks of cars and trucks, and hurried by. But Mrs. Etts is an artist, and with dramatic pictures on cheap muslin she has made up a folk tale about a little old auto, for nursery age, and a fine moral folksy tale it is. "I don't want to, and I won't" is a stubborn bit of bad language from junk or kids.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah. Lois Lenski. Crowell. $1.

A SMALL book for the very young tells simply the age-old story all children love. All the people and the creatures of the Ark, two by two, seem like familiar toys.

Mr. Topple's Wish. Story and Pictures by Audrey Chalmers. Viking. $1.50.

IT TOOK a four-leaf clover, a horseshoe, a haystack and a polka dot dress to make Mr. Topple's wish come true. How it was done and what his wish was Miss Chalmers tells in pictures and words with charm and wisdom.

The Golden Mother Goose. 367 Childhood Favorites illustrated in full color by Alice and Martin Provensen. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

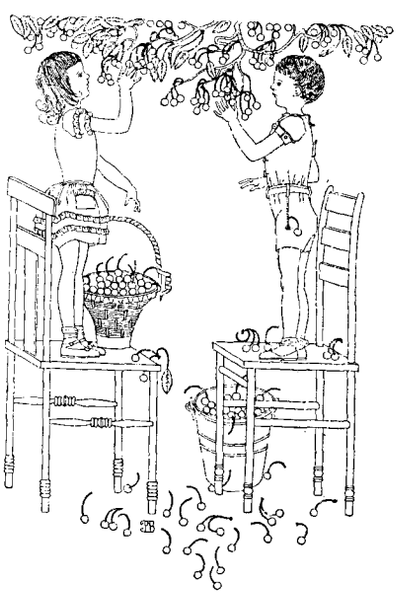
A QUARTO-size book bursting with color and gayety. An overdose of a good thing, as if quality meant quantity. Too bad, because the illustrators have a lovely talent.

Toni Frissell's Mother Goose. Harper. $2.50.

MOTHER GOOSE Rhymes with a modern background of good photographs.

Now It's Fall. Lois Lenski. Oxford. $1.

ONE more of those special Lois Lenski picture books, this time the falling leaves, the bonfires, Halloween, Thanksgiving.



Playtime in Cherry Street—Oxford

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Runaway Rocking Horse. Lillian Robertson. Harcourt. $2.

A CONVINCING picture book of a rocking horse who at long last found out that what he wanted to be was what he was.

Smudge. Clare Turley Newberry. Harper. $1.75.

SOME of the loveliest cat pictures Clare Newberry has ever done.

Thidwick the Big-Hearted Moose. Dr. Seuss. Random. $2.

A VERY funny, veritable Seuss, about a moose who could refuse his guests nothing. The guests take devastating advantage of his hospitality. But one could wish, the world being what it is, that not hospitality but inhospitality had been the butt of the joking. C. H. B.

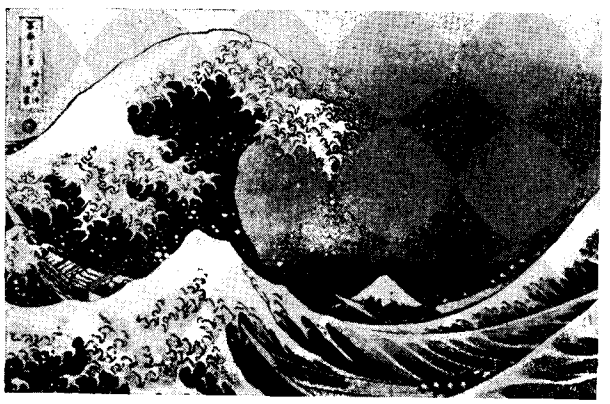
More Picture Books

Cowboys and Indians. Stories and jingles by Kathryn and Byron Jackson. Ill. by Gustaf Tenggren. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

A CRAMMED Golden Book money's worth, an all-day sucker of a book, with jingles, the whole vocabulary of totem poles and rodeos, but maybe with just a bit too much prettiness and not enough mystery and salty sweat of the cow country. A book, though, to woo the young from comic strips; full of bears, stampedes, totem poles, branded calves and lazy little Indians.

The Story of the South West. May McNeer, Lithographs by C. DeWitt. Harper's. $1.75.

THE tenth in The Regions of America picture books with absorbing graphic maps and real feeling for the whole of Indian life, the pots and rugs and hammered silver, the pueblos, the ritual dances, the desert, the big dams, the range, rodeos too and even dude ranches. The text tries to give a social survey, but digested facts aren't as appetizing as snatches of narrative.



The Big Wave—Day

The Wild Wild West by James Daugherty. McKay. $2.50.

THERE is action and sweep in the work of this artist, telling both in pictures and in verse the story of the westward migration of the pioneers and lots about the roaring forties. In Daugherty's ballad a child could hit the high spots, cross the plains, see Red Men vanish, travel by overland stage, acknowledge Chinese, Mexican, Irish and Swede as builders of the rails. His verse rolls better at the start than when he tries to jam in the Atlantic Charter and a verbal one world "where every man is free" (but where, but when?) and where rhyme is mostly so rolling and full of words to remember it is painful to find the artist who draws such red and yellow stampedes and hard-sitting cattle men rhyming grass with cowboys singing bass. Sinful!

Cocola. Bettina. Harper's. $2.50.

A WORK of art about a donkey who lived on an island off the coast of Italy, simple, every drawing full of humor, design, full-bodied characters and hidden comment of a witty woman. Nothing slick and oh so much that is lasting in this lovely book. Bettina's seas are so wet, her suns so big as they go down, Mr. Fatimus and his child Fussy so well named, the whole book so suitable for generations to read together.

Giraffe Twins. Inez Hogan. Dutton. $1.25.

A PERFECT bedtime story about Lofty and Lanky (twins are surefire for youngsters) and a great many other creatures by a tried and true hand at the art of giving children exciting dreams and sleepy rhythms and sh! . . . the children are asleep!

The Picture Book of the Weather. Jerome S. Meyer. Ill. by Richard Floete. Lothrop Lee. $2.

A BLESSING to parents and to children, for the weather is always with us and children are always asking Why does it Rain and who makes the weather and what's a barometer and they want to know more than "Jack Frost painted them" when the crystals form on the window pane. Some of the poetry of the old myth answers remains and yet the precise vocabulary of science and reasonable explanation of order in the natural world is being given. Hurricanes, kinds of lightning, rainbows are all mentioned. "Be Your Own Weatherman" is a notable little chapter in this book. Perhaps the most significant trend in children's publishing is the growing number of illustrated books that really answer scientific questions, simply, lucidly, and with due regard for the wonder and curiosity of the young at the world about them.

Munya the Lion. Dorothy Martin. Ill. by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Oxford. $2.

MUNYA was not a kitten though he looked like one before his eyes were opened. Cub of Ngon and Ingala, King and Queen of beasts, he was born in a great South African Game Preserve, protected there from the Man Animals. This account of Munya's growing up, learning to kill, finding his own lair and mate, is first rate animal kingdom lore and authentic Africana. E. E.

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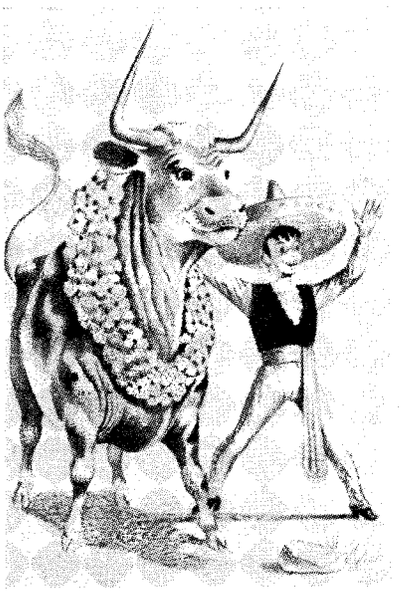

Pedro's Choice—Whittlesey House

What Every Young Rabbit Should Know. Carol Denison. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead. $2.25.

THERE is not one thing Mr. and Mrs. Puff Tail taught the five little Puff Tails about tracks in the snow and the way things smell and look, and how to keep together and when to run home, and even how to scratch for turnips that every child shouldn't learn early on. A gorgeous little picture book and primer of how to stay alive in a world of foxes and dogs and trucks.

Golden Books: Mr. Noah and His Family. Jane Werner, pictures by A. and M. Provensen; Let's Go Shopping. Lenora Combes; The Three Bears. Pictures by F. Rojankovsky; Busy Tommy. K. and B. Jackson, Pictures by Eloise Wilkin. Simon and Schuster. $.25.

ALL the Little Golden Books are decorative, little bedtime halfhour suckers, now and then traditional and memorable stories that can be told over and over again, and sometimes, just bright pictures with and without morals. E. E.

Legends, Fairy Tales, Folklore and Fancy

Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake. Hugh Lofting. Lippincott. $3.

LOFTING is no longer with us, but Dr. Dolittle lives on. This is the last one in the beloved series. All the familiar animals are there and join in the expedition to the Secret Lake in Africa where Mudface the giant turtle is buried alive after an earthquake. How Dr. Dolittle saves him and what Mudface has to say about the Flood, Noah, and the world in general, give the fans of Hugh Lofting the world over one more story to cherish.

The Dolls' House. Rumer Godden. Ill. in full color by Dana Saintsbury. Viking. $2.50.

THE well-known English writer has brought to her first children's tale the enchanting skill found in her former books. With elegance of taste seconded by sure craftsmanship, Rumer Godden has known how to present us with lively dolls who have joys, disappointments, inner tragedies, without losing their doll character which is unchangeability. There is quite a bit of philosophy sprinkled throughout the story. This is the kind of story many generations of little girls will clasp to their hearts. Pictures in keeping with the text.

Rose Fairy Book. Collected and edited by Andrew Lang. Ill. by Vera Brock; foreword by Mary Gould Davis. Longmans. $2.50.

A NEW book in the Lang Series, stories with a romantic turn which were scattered before in the different books have been put together in this one. Vera Brock has done decorative and fitting line drawings. Mary Gould Davis has contributed an interesting foreword. This one volume is part of the new edition of four of the Lang fairytale books, all fresh in appearance and as welcome as ever. (Blue, Red, Green, Yellow.)

Sam and the Superdroop. Story and Drawings by Munro Leaf. Viking. $1.50.

THE author of the immortal Ferdinand takes the comics for a ride, a long, long ride intended to bring the comics under the law of diminishing returns. Parents will buy and no doubt recommend Mr. Leaf for a Congressional Medal.

Thunder in the Mountains. Legends of Canada. Hilde Mary Hooke. Ill. by Clare Rice. Oxford. $2.50.

"ALL legendry and mythology is built on a basic thread of truth," says the author who has collected these stories through books and word of mouth. The tales are divided into three sections: Indian tales; tales about the coming of the White Men; tales of White Canadian Men. Includes such stories as "The Story of Good St. Anne of Beaupré." C.H.B.

With Might and Main: Stories of Skill and Wit. Selected by Philis R. Fenner. Ill. by Henry C. Pitz. Knopf. $2.50.

WHETHER from India, Russia, England, Brittany, or any other land, all the heroes portrayed in this book fought tremendous and weird odds and succeeded because of their pluck and imagination. This discriminating selection of seventeen stories, handsomely printed, includes tales by Andrew Lang, George and Helen Papashvily, Claire Huchet Bishop, the Brothers Grimm, Eleanor Estes, Joseph Jacobs, Howard Pyle, Arthur Parker, Kipling, Courtlander and Herzog, Charles Finger, Fred. Kummer, Post Wheeler and two translations by Norbert Guterman.

Amos and the Moon. Story and Pictures by Jan B. Balet. Oxford. $2.50.

AMOS found the moon one night in his own mirror. But no one has the moon always, just once in a while. You will see how Amos "had" it, on the last page. This delightful idea is set forth in wonderful pictures of each man and his shop, with priceless details to hold the eyes of young and old alike, and a style all Mr. Balet's own, refreshing in exactness, humor and beautiful variety of color. Extraordinarily well printed, too. L. S. B.

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My Father's Dragon. Ruth Stiles Gannett. Ill. by Ruth Christan Gannett. Random. $2.

HERE in ten chapters is a fanciful narrative that falls on the ear convincingly, and becomes true through the work of one of our most talented artists, whose dolphins and ships, boys and dragons, alligators and lions and monkeys and fleas are alive, beautiful and credible. The first text of a young writer and the sixth contribution to American Graphic Arts by the illustrator, everything about the book is treasure, and promise of more to come. A sort of collector's item! E. E.

Grandfather Tales, collected and retold by Richard Chase. Ill. by Berkeley Williams, Jr. Houghton. $2.75.

LIKE last year's outstanding Jack Tales, these old country folk tales, told and retold over a century in North Carolina, have peculiar twists and flavor, their universal folk vision now thoroughly American, an integral part of American children's heritage. Especially good for story hours. C. H. B.

Out of Doors

Animal Facts and Fallacies. Osmond P. Breland. Harper's. $3.

THOSE who love animals will find no book more fascinating this year than this by the zoölogist of the University of Texas. Professor Breland has spent ten years collecting 250 items about mammals, birds, fish, amphibians, and reptiles, to answer questions of his children and his students. Some answers are important: Can toads kill dogs? How can you tell a poisonous from a non-poisonous snake? Some are simply curious: Do elephants ever forget? What birds are the best talkers? Could a whale have swallowed Jonah? Many items correct old superstistitions. Reading along, absorbed, you learn a lot of zoölogy and come finally to a valuable bibliography. No other book like it exists; a grand gift for anyone over twelve.

Puzzle Pond. Hortense Flexner. Ill. by Wyncie King. Lippincott. $1.75.

DELIGHTFUL short story of a boy who loved beavers. Who doesn't? He saved the life of one particular lost beaver, and took him home again, outwitting the Mayor in a series of amusing incidents. Well written, with an important point made about using the humane animal trap. LOUISE SEAMAN BECHTEL.

Heather Hill. Elleston Trevor. Ill. by Stephen J. Voorhies. Longmans. $2.50.

ABOUT Mole, Badger, Otter, Squirrel and many other small animals who live on Heather Hill in the friendliest fashion. Nothing but small daily happenings in the English country, told skilfully, lyrically, and with a quiet sense of humor. A gentle, kind, restful book. C. H. B.

The Wild Wood. Dorothy Clewes. Ill. by Irene Hawkins. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

TWO stories about the little wild animals in the wood and fish in the river. A good deal of country feeling, an understanding of animals, and a poetical charm simple enough to please all children. The drawings, in black and white and in color, will bring as many delighted chuckles as the text. C. H. B.

The Book of Nature Hobbies. Tod Pettit. Didier. $3.50.

THE author of this excellent little work starts with the sound premise that it is not enough to describe the objects of natural history, but one must teach the young how to *do* things with them to keep their interest. Accordingly he describes dozens of fascinating experiments which reveal the wonder-workings of nature. He does not hesitate to begin with the soil, the basis for all growth, and progresses through plants and animals: how to find them, get them, raise them, and—above all—how to observe them. Simple, strong and explicit illustrations fortify this fine job. RICHARD EDES HARRISON.

Religious Books

The Angel's Alphabet. Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $1.50.

ALMOST felicitous creation. A book about the hierarchy of the angels made familiar to the child, without any saccharine talk or pictures. Quite a feat. Some of the well known angels are brought out singly. Big problems such as Immortality constitute the subject of reverent simple poems. The drawings are in keeping with the text. This book is a sparkling jewel of faith most suitably enshrined by the publisher. The feeling of companionship familiar to all readers of Mrs. van Stockum is present here too. Though the book may primarily appeal to Catholic children because of the poem on the Queen of Heaven, yet all Christian children between 4 and 8, and whose parents are familiar with Colossians 1, 16 should have the privilege of owning it.

The Angels' Alphabet—Viking

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David and His Songs. Mary Fabian Windeatt. Ill. by George Harmon. Grail. $2.

ALL THE successive happenings of David's wonderful life, from his childhood to his death, are gathered together here in one compact account and a number of Psalms are set down as part of David's reactions to his own experiences. It is all lively, direct and follows the biblical text so closely that it is almost without any sentimentality. The ticklish bit about Bethsabee is well handled. That it was not omitted in a children's book calls for much praise for the writer. By her respect for the whole truth she has thereby succeeded in presenting to young people a full human picture of David and has made him very near to us. The book has the Imprimatur but it could be used by all Christian children. Mention should be made of the excellent presentation of the book, including a line on the flap which deserves to be an excerpt on the book: "David composed the prayers that Christ prayed when He was on earth which are called Psalms."

In Bible Days. Gertrude Hartman. Ill. by Kathleen Voute. Macmillan. $2.50.

STARTING from Genesis this history of the Hebrews reads extremely well. The sustained dignity of the style, the unbiased general outlook of the writer make it an ideal historical approach to the Bible. The Bible text is followed fairly closely and the author has used many beautiful long citations from the poetical books. Gertrude Hartman's commentaries are excellent except for two or three passages in the account of Jesus which Miss Hartman could easily change. Catholics should have no difficulty in straightening out the few confusions and therefore should not deprive themselves of this good, intelligent, reverential book. Excellent reading for older boys and girls.

The King's Hostage. E. Virginia Newell. Ill. by Pauline Eppink. Grail. $1.50.

THE story of Princess Margaret Arpad of Hungary, daughter of King Bela the Fourth, who in the thirteenth century offered her life to God.

St. Anthony of Padua. Mabel Farnum. Didier. $2.75.

A POPULAR saint biography quietly and effectively presented.

Watching at My Gates. Anna Kuhn. Ill. by Brian P. Burnes. Bruce. $2.

BIOGRAPHIES of Rose Hawthorne, Francesca Xavier Cabrini and Thérèse Martin. The author is particularly successful in handling the story of Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, Rose, who became Mother Alphonsa Lathrop.

Sixty Saints for Boys. Joan Windham. Ill. by Mona Doneux. Sheed. $3.

WHO does not want to know about his namesake? This book tells about fifty-nine saints with familiar names such as Peter and Thomas and startling ones like Mungo and Aloysius. C. H. B.

Boys and Girls, Past and Present

Crazy Creek. Evelyn Sibley Lampman. Ill. by Grace Paul. Doubleday. $2.50.

TWELVE-year-old Judy of Oregon takes a leap into the past, when Grandpa was her own age and lived on the "donation," and Indians were still around. This twentieth century little girl, present in flesh and blood in the nineteenth century life, makes for a most vivid and alive re-setting of times gone by. There is not one dull moment. The writing is crisp and the story moves as swiftly and delightfully as does the river Crazy Creek. Delicate and sensitive pen and ink drawings.

The Hideout Club. Frank A. Reilly. Decorations by Clifford N. Geary. Rinehart. $2.25.

A LONELY boy, a derelict caboose, a tough young gang, a terrifying tramp and a big-hearted policeman. Action every minute, mystery round every corner, and a solid faith in the value of friendship. In every boy the world over there is a Jimmy of the Hideout Club, and that is why he will be loved by all.

The House on the River. Story and Pictures by Charlotte Baker. Coward. $2.50.

A HOUSE for children to dream of, built on logs floating on the river. The river is the Willamette flowing into the Columbia River and the Pacific. Davy who is 8, and other children, live in the houses on the river. There are pets: a duck, a seal; exploration of an island where the children meet the mysterious MacDermitt, the hermit.

Matilda's Buttons. Mabel Leigh Hunt. Ill. by Elinore Blaisdell. Lippincott. $1.75.

MATILDA was such a generous little girl that she sometimes gave away what was not exactly hers. But in the end a warm heart is still what is most needed in the world. A story full of frills, basques and bustles and buttons and nineteenth cenury sweetness.

Pedro's Choice. Catherine Blanton. Ill. by Harold Price. Whittlesey. $2.

THE old priest could see that Pedro had artistic talent, but the little Mexican boy wanted to become a bull fighter. Did he? This warm and touching story is beautifully handled both by the writer and the illustrator.

Playtime in Cherry Street. Pamela Bianco. Oxford. $2.

AS EXQUISITE as all the books Pamela Bianco has done, this simple story of five- and six-year-olds in Cherry Street unfolds gently along a path of tenderness and beauty. A book for bedtime to read aloud, with pictures to dream about.

Riding the Pony Express. Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Grace Paul. Crowell. $2.25.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Dick had come from New York to the prairie which he did not like until, one day, he had to ride the Pony Express himself and get the mail through. Large print, easy songs with music, lively illustrations, and plenty of excitement.

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Sally Tait. Frances Clarke Sayers. Ill. by Eileen Evans. Viking. $2.

A STORY for very feminine little girls who like to hear about the everyday life of a happy nine-year-old girl in the early 1900's when life was slow, soft-padded and "gooder" than it seems today.

Sleigh Bells for Windy Foot. Frances Frost. Ill. by Lee Townsend. Whittlesey. $2.

MOSTLY about an old fashioned Christmas in Vermont, with snow, sleighs and visiting friends. The kind of Christmas story with a never out of date charm.

Johnny Blossom. Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulson. Ill. by Ingri and Parin d'Aulaire. Pilgrim Press. $2.50.

AN OLD story long familiar to Norwegians, and now brought out with d'Aulaires pictures—none better for giving the beauty and character of the Norwegian scene. "Money isn't everything" is the ever-present moral here. C. H. B.

Daughter of the Mountains. Louise Rankin. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. Viking. $2.50.

HERE is a story of a little girl and a Red-Lhasa puppy that begins in the Thibetan Mountains and runs like an old Western, with a dash of Kim, straight down to Calcutta. The book is loaded with lore of a little girl's turning the prayer wheel.

Canadian Summer. Hilda van Stockum. Viking. $2.50.

HERE is a ninth book by the popular Hilda van Stockum, who turns to the Mitchell family again for her admirable pictures and stories. The fun of the story is in the infinite detail of moving, packing, and the migration of five children, a baby and a dog. If the characters are not quite as well defined as Little Men and Little Women, the sense of modern life and modern problems more than makes up for it.

Blue Spring Farm. Claire Huchet Bishop. Viking. $2.

THERE is always more than meets the eye in Mrs. Bishop's books. In "Blue Spring Farm," without ever interrupting the story of children, two of them from France, who go to a farm in the Pennsylvania Hills for their holiday, she lets loose a flock of ideas. Ideas about music, living in the country, cooperation with one's fellow-children and fellow-adults, and always appreciation of music, its creation, its uses, its power of liberation and to give aesthetic enjoyment. The story is told partly in letters from the children to their parents (letters, mind you, not postcards) and proceeds with excellent characterizations of each child, the French children especially, and lots about country weather, fine food and hard work. The good life, in fact. E. E.

Older Boys and Girls

AB Carmody's Treasure. Cyrus T. Fisher. Ill. by Lou Block. Holt. $3.

A THRILLING modern tale of an American boy in Guatemala. An unusual combination of long loved features such as treasure hunt and circus and of new elements, planes and mathematics. At the end a dose of beautiful strong wisdom.

The Bewitched Caverns. Leona Train Rienow. Ill. by Allen Pope. Scribners. $2.00.

A BOOK you cannot leave alone once started! Background of scientific interest: the Cro-Magnon Man. A well-written original contribution to books for young people between 12 and 15.

Blue Dowry. Florence Maule Updegraff. Ill. by Robert Doremus. Harcourt. $2.75.

EVEN at the time of the American Revolution it was odd for a young girl to receive a field of flax for a "blue dowry." And yet it was through that unusual gift that Elizabeth Brandon, who was part English, found that her heart was American. A good study of British and Colonial feelings. For older girls.

Bound for Singapore. Howard Pease. Doubleday. $2.50.

ALL LOVERS, and they are legion, of Pease books will welcome this new one, packed with happenings at sea, suspense and the added thrill of learning a little of how Mr. Pease became a writer, that is, how he set to work; because, of course, it is perfectly evident that talent was there primarily. Once more we are all happy that Mr. Pease had the talent and did the work.

High Harvest. Elizabeth Low. Ill. by Douglas Doraline. Harcourt. $2.50.

OLDER girls will like this story with an authentic Vermont background. There is much grit to the girl, and there is out-of-door life, and a romance.

Salt Water Summer. Roderick L. Haig-Brown. Morrow. $2.50.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Don Morgan takes to deep sea fishing off the coast of British Columbia. Courage, grit, plenty of storms and difficulties. A real boys' book with the exhilarating smell of salt water. C. H. B.

The Rocky Summer. Lee Kingman. Houghton. $2.50.

NEARLY a fifth of all the people alive today who were born in Finland now make their homes in the USA; and this story of Mikko and Ranta the twin children of a Finnish quarry worker on Cape Ann, and their old horse Polle is full of the flavor of that remarkable old-new country and the way Finns there live and behave. The pictures by Barbara Cooney are striking and full of flavor; and besides the book is a mystery story.

Luke Baldwin's Boy. Morley Callaghan. Winston. $2.50.

FULL measure, not short and sifted measure for the young is Morley Callaghan's contribution. He seems to have sensed the strange strength in children for accepting death, working, vowing that love may last and grow. How Luke's father died, and he went to live with his fact-prizing Uncle, and how he had Danny the Collie for a friend. The book is written in the distinctive pedestrian style of Callaghan's adult books, but sardonic humor, dramatization of worldly characters in a world not wholly ever to be seen, and fullness of thought-provoking content are there. A truly manly contribution to boys' reading. E. E.

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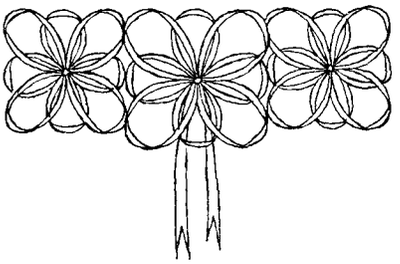

for Boys and Girls

A SMALL CHILD'S BOOK OF VERSE

Compiled and illustrated by Pelagie Doane

An anthology of verse of the past and present that should be part of all children's heritage. Lovely color pictures and black and whites decorate the pages. $3.00

A SMALL CHILD'S BIBLE

By Pelagie Doane

A reverent and beautiful book with seventy full color pictures, one for each story. With *Imprimatur.* $3.00

AMOS AND THE MOON

By Jan Balet

A picture book of how Amos searched for the moon. Brilliant colors on every page show his adventures. $2.50

THE ANIMALS CAME FIRST

By Jean-Louise Welch
Pictures by Ruth Carroll

How the animals found a Mother singing to her Baby in a stable in Bethlehem. $1.50

PLAYTIME IN CHERRY STREET

By Pamela Bianco

Stories of two five-year-olds and their day by day adventures. Exquisite line drawings by the author. $2.00

ROSA AND RANDY

By Katherine Wigmore Eyre
Pictures by Mabel Woodbury

Two young people spend an eventful summer on a California ranch. By the author of *Star in the Willows* and *Spurs for Antonia.* $2.50

Send for our catalogue of
OXFORD BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Oxford University Press
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Seabird. Holling C. Holling. Houghton. $3.00.

THOSE truly wonderful books, "Paddle to the Sea" and "Three in the Trail," now at long last have a glorious companion which does for American adventure on many oceans what they did for the Great Lakes and for the Southwest. A real Ivory gull, Seabird, in the fourth short story is carved by Ezra out of real ivory. Seabird observes events from 1818 until today, when she soars in the skies as a mascot for young Ken, the great-grandson of Ezra. In glorious full-page color pictures, his best yet, and in fascinating marginal sketches, Mr. Holling has put down both the beauty of ships and the sea, and no end of informative detail about whaling, building a ship, coral reefs, anchors, and many other matters. A rare book, beautifully written, to be enjoyed by all. L. S. B.

Every Single Book a Fair

"A JOY that's shared is a joy made double." The old English proverb must have shone over the shoulders of those who made this year's anthologies. Editorial joy in choosing among old favorites and new finds is so evident. Time was when too many "collections" were like ill patched quilts, sewn higgledy-piggledy from the out-of-copyright rag-bag. This year half a dozen anthologies are models of variety in unity, each with distinctive flavor.

The St. Nicholas Anthology. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. Random. $5.00.

THE RED and gold format, on sight, will bring back to thousands of Americans the old shelves of bound treasures, and the bliss of the twelve times each year when the postman used to hand over a new St. Nick. No other magazine has ever taken its place round the world. It was prime propaganda abroad. (I remember a Japanese gentleman who hurriedly expedited my passport on discovery that I, too had sent poems to the St. Nicholas League). The anthology is full of memorable names—Kipling and Palmer Cox, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington and Noah Brooks. Though Mr. Commager has left out half my favorites, he has evoked them all, and the third branch up the old Elkhart apple tree which was my library long, long ago.

Felix Salten's Favorite Animal Stories. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. Messner. $3.

THE DAUGHTER of the author of Bambi has brought together a memorial of not only to her father's love of animals but to other storytellers who have romanced about, as well as observed animal character and behavior, with sensitivity. This is a superb collection.

Tales from the High Seas. Selected by A. E. Hogeboom. Lothrop. $3.

LIKE a Hakluyt for the young, Mr. Hogeboom has brought together documents and stories that tell of men and ships. He begins with Conrad's "Initiation"—who can forget that strange unsentimental savage introduction to sea faring life?—and ranges from pirates and mutinies through hurricanes and naval battles. E. E.

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The Home Book of Laughter. Edited by May Lamberton Becker. Dodd. $3.50.

WHO more reliable and wider read than M.L.B.? What she does now in her seventh anthology is to design good winter evenings and merry holiday afternoons for a whole family group. When you get Will Cuppy on his own musical past (and present), Mr. Dooley on football, Perlman and Thurber, Stockton's Mesdames and Josiah Allen's wife, all in one package, you have a sure thing certainly. E. E.

The World of Work and Science

The Story of Sound. James Geralton. Harcourt. $2.

IT IS safe to predict that this contribution of an instructor of Physics at Harvard will find its way round the world in translation as one scientist's invitation to the children to understand and enjoy the sound waves. It is simple, trimmed with beguiling pictures by Joe Krush from the jacket of a boy listening to a sea shell to its sketches of musical instruments, thunderstorms, birds trilling, bats, blind but steering by echoes of their own shrill cries, to mosquitoes making buzz! "Some say that Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo because some of his hidden reinforcements did not hear his gunshot signal. An accident of freak refraction had placed them in an *area of silence*. "There has seldom been a little book as full of curious information; or little experiments to do with forks in the kitchen; or such a reminder that a sensible life on this earth includes gratitude for ears, and understanding of an infinite variety of waves created by men and animals, machines and Nature. What happens when you ring a door-bell? Violins,, pianos, radar—are you curious about them?

Riding the Rails. Elizabeth Olds. Houghton. $2.50.

THIS is first rate history, as well as a thoroughly satisfactory picture book, drawings by a lively artist who has drawn on the picture file made by Romana Javitz, that pillar and pioneer of The New York Public Library. The story is told of the tracks and engines that today lace this continent. It is a comical and splendid story. In 1804 Oliver Evans, daft about Watts' steam engine, ran his steam wagon through the streets of Philadelphia and folks said he had "wheels in his head." In 1828 The B and O built some tracks on which horses were to pull a coach. Peter Cooper built a "Tom Thumb" engine. And so on through the tale of the Gold Spike and the first transcontinental RR complete with colored pictures of forest fires, train robberies, round houses and Metropolitan railway stations and end papers with the singable, shoutable names of the RR systems that are so great a part of the American Way of Life. The colorful pictures were drawn by Miss Olds directly on the stone and have been reproduced by offset.

Junior Forestry Note Book. Edited by C. H. Schaeffer. Illustrated by J. R. Tiller. State Commission on Forestry, Columbia, S. C.

THIS is one of the most interesting and instructive books for young citizens extant. As long as the supply lasts it is distributed free to applicants, whether from outside as well as inside the state is not certain. It identifies the animals and trees of the state, and both amuses and lays down the code for the preservation and one may add, love of South Carolina's forests. It tackles

SHEED & WARD

have always fought against the idea that children are fools (and if you think it isn't widely held just take a look at the children's counter in any bookstore). The following books are all children's books, and children love them, but grown-ups will not find it painful to read them aloud, nor will they feel superior when they see how much children enjoy reading them themselves . . .

SIXTY SAINTS FOR BOYS
A Joan Windham Omnibus
Illustrated by Mona Doneux

Sixty stories of men and boy saints from Joan Windham's earlier books, with seven new ones. Not a woman in the lot—what more could a small boy ask? (or his sister?). Ages 6-10. $3.00

SAINT DOMINIC
by Mary Fabyan Windeatt
Illustrated by Gedge Harmon

St. Dominic's life was full of adventure, what with heretics, wars and the devil, making him a very satisfactory saint to read about. Ages 10-14. $2.00

POLISH FOLK TALES
by Lucia M. Borski
Illustrated by Erica Gorecka-Egan

Enchanting old Catholic fairy-tales, told to American children by a first-class story teller. Ages 8-12. $2.00

GOSPEL RHYMES
by Various Authors
Illustrated by Jeanyee Wong

Too well known and loved to need description, but there are "new customers" for these pleasing verses on Gospel incidents every year. Ages 4-up. $1.50

CAT ROYAL
by Charles Brady
Illustrated by Rosemarie Renkis

Did you know that when angels and shepherds, ox, ass and lamb paid homage to the Christ-Child, the kings of the Cat World came too, and gave the Baby a kitten to help keep him warm? This is the story, reverent but full of humor, and any child who ever stroked a kitten will love it. Ages 8-12. $2.00

TWELVE TALES OF SAINT IMAGINUS
by Margaret McGuire
Illustrated by Betty Arnott

St. Imaginus is a saint Mrs. McGuire made up and to whom she attributes remarkable adventures—you read the stories for the laughter they provoke and only discover afterwards that there was a moral unobstructively tucked into each. Ages 8-12. $1.50

THE WOLF
by Mary Harris
Illustrated by Kathleen Cooper

How St. John Bosco helped a family of snow-bound children without ever really giving himself away. $1.50

Order books from your bookstore or from us

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Scribner Christmas Books
To give, To read, To own

PELICAN HERE, PELICAN THERE

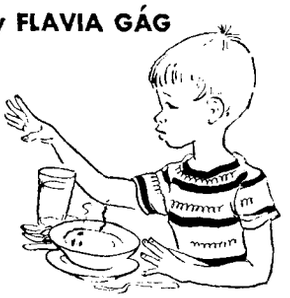
By LEONARD WEISGARD
Caldecott Winner, 1947

The author-artist of DOWN HUCKLEBERRY HILL describes in brilliant colors the adventures of a big Florida pelican blown north by a hurricane to Canada. $2.00

Alice Dalgliesh's 25th book!

THE DAVENPORTS ARE AT DINNER

Illustrated by FLAVIA GÁG



Boys and girls alike will enjoy the seven Davenports and their radio program. There is excellent characterization in this sometimes serious, sometimes gay, story of family life and adjustment. $2.50

GENTLEMEN, HUSH!

By JERE WHEELWRIGHT
Illustrated by RALPH RAY

A well-written and engrossing novel of the reconstruction period in the South following the Civil War. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* $2.50

PONY FARM

Told and pictured by
PAUL BROWN

Two frisky Shetland ponies and a pair of Dalmatians chase each other across nearly every page of this lively, amusing book for boys and girls. $2.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

the prevention of forest fires from every angle, and something following its big picture book lead could well be published by every other state in the union.

Let's Look Inside Your House. Herman and Nina Schneider. Ill. by Barbara Ivens. Wm. R. Scott, Inc. $1.50

THE BEST little science picture book yet, another Young Scott bit of pioneering Complete with quiz at the end, a jolly primer of plumbing, water supply, furnaces, and the electric ice box, iron and lamps.

Let's Make a Lot of Things. Harry Zachary. Knopf. $2.50.

IN A WAY the greatest lesson in life for little Lefts and little Rights, for boys or for girls is to learn to use the human hand creatively, to make things for the joy of making them, of designing presents, useful and decorative. It joins children to the classless community of artists and craftsmen, provides them early with the cure for frustrations, and makes them knowledgeable about skills and respectful of those who have them. The book is simple, has many illustrations, and is Mr. Zachary's third gift to old and young. Not the least attractive feature of the book is that it is set in Mr. Zachary's own exquisitely legible calligraphy. How badly so many of our children write. Even the old Spencerian would be better. The pen is a tool neglected. Quite a lot might come if parents and children were to explore this book together.

Toymaker's Book. C. J. Maginley. Harcourt. $2.50.

"THE GREAT secret of education is to direct vanity to proper objects" Adam Smith would approve this book which shows children how to create with tools and hands, cardboard and wood and other materials, games, doll houses, trucks and even ferris wheels. Getting and spending, the world goes slavishly broke, but whoever at any age can say "I made it myself" is a free child and a proud man. E. E.

The New Biographies

Lillian Wald. Beryl Williams. Ill. by Edd Ashe. Julian Messner. $2.75.

WHAT a good story the life of Lillian Wald and her nursing and her settlement and her part in many national movements makes, and how simply and dramatically the author has told it. What strikes one about the impulsive girl who socialized so many phases of our life is that she was no less an individual with private life and feelings though the style of her good works and noble living was joined to mass movements and professional organizations. She was personal, she was imaginative, she knew what a great many people have never understood, that a democratic society, a broad-based and sharing society, has to proceed by fits and starts of fashion, a general aristocratic manner, inclusive, not exclusive. The book teems with well-delineated characters,—other nurses like Lavinia Dock, a great deal about Jane Addams, and Teddy Roosevelt and Oswald Villard; lots about how Henry Street Settlement grew and Theater prospered there, and the many East Side children whom the Settlement sent on their way to careers; about housing and slums; about, not one, but two Russian Revolutions, and what they meant to immigrant New York, about the founding of the federal Children's Bureau, a lot about the writing of books. This is a first rate intro-

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duction to social work in the contemporary scene. A girl's book, anybody's book, to be grateful for.

That Lively Man, Ben Franklin. Jeannette Eaton. Ill. by Henry Pitz. Morrow. $2.50.

FRANKLIN, thou shouldst be living at this hour! No American has ever been as trusted and as popular a symbol of the United States as Ben Franklin and children whose papas work for the State Department might well give this book to their elders, for wit and work and kindness, (never vicarious charity) invention, scholarship, simplicity, common sense and humor were all in Ben Franklin's kit. Born at the end of the eighteenth century his character gleams with the best in the twentieth, and the reasonableness of the eighteenth. Miss Eaton knows her period and its notables and her story marches well in Boston, Philadelphia, London and France. The sooner young Americans make a friend of Ben who went to work as a printer, educated himself, was both pious Quaker and skeptical philosopher, patriot and man of the world, the better. This reviewer dotes on him.

Reaper Man. Clara Ingram Judson. Houghton. $2.50.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK inventor of the reaping machine (and many others) tells the thrilling story of machine age farming. E. E.

Frederic Chopin, Son of Poland. Opal Wheeler. Ill. by Christine Price. Dutton. $2.75.

THERE has never been a book printed in English about this great musician so dashing and full of life. The text is that of a real story-teller, the illustrations sparkling, and the gems from Chopin's own music in large print are a joy to the eye. Grown-ups have centered upon the Paris period of Chopin's life, forgetting that his six works with orchestra, as well as many more of the various forms he used, were the product of his youthful years in Warsaw. This authentic story tells how the family, the peasants, shepherd boys and girls, village musicians, city professors, tutors, noisy colleagues and friends, all had their part in stimulating his creative imagination. Even Grand Duke Constantine, dread symbol of the Russian Bear, who actually danced and stamped and sang to Frederic's muzurkas and polonaises, contributed to the development of the young composer's Slavonic consciousness. Yokels and maids would instruct him in the odd intervals and rhythms of their country tunes. "Great music comes from the heart of the simple folk," and this book has caught the spirit of that greatness. There are some academic errors: confusion of places with manors, of royalty with nobility. The first teacher of the little Chopinek was Zywny, not Zwyny. One anachronism which brought more pain was Miss Wheeler's use of the diminutive "Fritschen." Why not the Polish "Frycek" or even Freddy since the book is in English? TADENSZ JARECKI.

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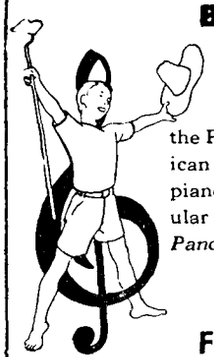

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will appear November 26th with an essay by W. H. Auden: "The Ironic Hero," and an article by Jacques Maritain: "To Exist with the People." This issue will also contain poems by Alexander Block, Raïssa Maritain, etc., a canticle by Arthur Lourie, as well as articles by Nicholas Berdyaev, Fr. Carré O.P., Dorothy Day, Anne Fremantle, Julian Green, Catherine de Hueck, Helene Iswolsky, Gouverneur Paulding, Basile Yanovsky and others.

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Young People March On!

A Club of Small Men. Colin McPhee. Coward. $2.00.

BASED on true facts and illustrated by lovely photos, this story is delightfully told. Some boys of Bali, age 5 to 8, band together and form a music club which proves absolutely the real thing, ending in a State top performance. Mr. McPhee was there, as an older, understanding and helpful brother.

Aleko's Island. Edward Fenton. Ill. by Dimitris Davis. Doubleday. $2.50.

WHAT happens to a modern Greek boy when his goat unearths an archeologic treasure, and how the shepherd boy, through trying to protect the statuette from greedy hands, finally meets the jeep and the Americanos who suggest that he become an archeologist. A book of solid and sustained interest with fine line drawings of Greek people. (For boys from 12 on.)

The Big Wave. Pearl S. Buck. Ill. with prints by Hiroshige and Hokussi. John Day. $2.00.

ONE of the most outstanding books in this year's output. A literary achievement with beauty and wisdom. All about the soul of Japan through the simple story of Kino, the son of a Japanese farmer and his friend Jiya, whose father is a fisherman. Lovely reproductions of Japanese prints. A book of humanity, reverence and peace which should find its place on the book shelf of every single American child.

The Chestry Oak. Kate Seredy. Viking. $2.50.

THIS book is a small work of art. Through the story of Michael, Prince of Chestry, Kate Seredy brings home to American children what World War II has meant to Hungarian people, and to European children in general. The book is conceived as a sort of diptych: Michael in Hungary from 5 to 9, and from 9 to 12 in America, where he finally finds refuge and a home through the intervention of a GI stationed in Hungary. The contrast of the two atmospheres is powerfully rendered by the story itself. It is to be hoped that the fine points on education of mind and heart displayed by young Michael and his Hungarian surroundings will be more than quaint foreign oddities.

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Little Girl from the City. L. Voronkova. Trans. from the Russian by Josef Berger. Ill. by Ruth Steed. Atlantic, Little Brown. $2.00.

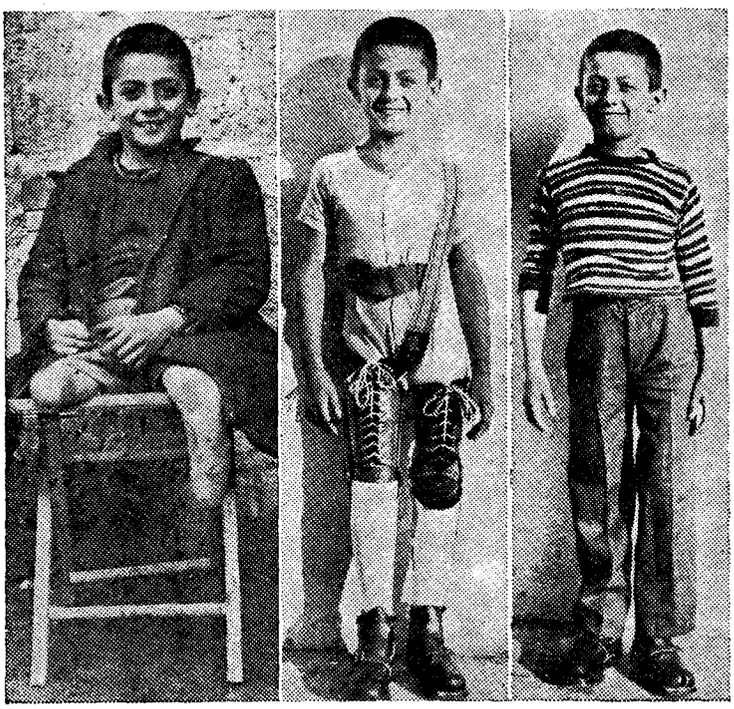
THE INNER distress peculiar to displaced European children is brought home to American children in this story of a little orphan girl refugee from a Russian bombed town, and adopted by a peasant family. This is also a tale of universal experiences: loneliness of the one who is "different," who does not belong, cruelty of other children, difficulty for the lonely one to accept love. Told with beautiful economy of words, a healthy absence of sentimentality and a vigorous directness of feeling.

That Girl of Pierre's. Robert Davis. Ill. by Lloyd Lozes Goff. Holiday. $2.50.

SEVENTEEN-year-old French girl, Daniele, makes her way back on foot to her village after the war. She finds nobody knows what has happened to her parents and to the young man she loved. As she has been robbed of all she possessed, she sets out to rebuild her life. What is particularly interesting is that she does it not only along the age-old traditional French line, but also according to the new French trend, which is a breaking away from individualism and a getting together of people for the good of all. The author knows his French people; he knows the present living conditions; he knows all about vineyards; and he knows about a young French girl of today, courageous, hard-working, and with her mind and heart open to a more fraternal way of living.

By Sun and Star. Vanya Oakes. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE MOST thrilling and voluntary migration of the last ten years was the westward trek of the Chinese young people, some of them only children, traveling by stealthy night through the Japanese lines, hungry for rice and hungrier for learning, the "know how" to rebuild their nation. Vanya Oakes describes a boy from Shanghai, his sister and his friend, and their journey afoot, by boat, and truck, to Kunming. They encounter an American flier, but I commend the book not because he ties the story in with boys and girls in the USA but because of its historic significance and because here is real adventure and real courage.



"THANK YOU FOR LOVING ME SO MUCH"

"Now it is different for me," writes Franco Davide, ten-year-old Italian boy who lost both legs as a result of war bombings, to his American foster parent. "Before, my friends had to carry me on their shoulders, and when they were not around I had to move on all fours . . . I thank you for the legs, and for loving me so much."

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Next Week

THE ENIGMA OF THE NEW POLAND, by Lawrence T. King of the Richmond, Va., *Times Leader*, peers behind one corner of the Iron Curtain and notes a startling degree of economic recovery in that ravaged land. The current annual report of the Bank for International Settlements indicates that by the end of next year Poland's industrial production will have increased "52 percent over the 1938 figure while raising the average national income 16 percent over the pre-war high . . . " Mr. King finds, among other things, that "while resisting the Marxist program which purports to provide economic security at the price of individual liberty, the bishops of Poland have made it clear that they regard reconstruction as the No. 1 problem confronting the nation . . . " As to the outlook of the people: "It has been said that a man's judgment cannot be better than the information upon which it is based . . . Therein lies the great danger which threatens the people of Poland . . . " Mr. King concludes his highly informative piece with suggestions as to what the United States can do to affect Poland's desperate ideological struggle.

Also The Labor Movement, Stage and Screen, general books of the week, pointed editorial comment.

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Cowboys and Horses

The First Horseman. Pers Crowell. Whittlesey. $2.50.

HOW the first horse was tamed. The treatment of the subject shows much knowledge and understanding of horses and a careful handling of the prehistoric background. The story moves swiftly in a succession of dramatic suspenses which will delight not only those who love horses but all children keen about a brave boy's deed. L. S. B.

Lightning: A Cowboy's Colt. Bill and Bernard Martin. Tell Well Press. $1.

IT IS NOT the brand which makes a horse yours. It is friendship. A simple and fresh story with a sure sense of values.

Pony Farm. Paul Brown. Scribners. $2.

WHO knows more about ponies and how to draw them than Paul Brown does? And this book comes right straight from a Shetland pony farm where he spent a vacation!

Saddles Up! Ride 'Em High! Billy Warren. McKay. $2.50.

A REAL western, written by one who grew up on a ranch. Plenty of action, plenty of exact detail about the cowboy's job, from the fall round-up to the shipping pens. Danny even has the luck to go on with the herd to Kansas City. Pictures are full of action and atmosphere. L. S. B.

Horses: and How to Draw Them. Amy Hogeboom. Vanguard. $1.50.

THE only way to know creatures is to watch them long and carefully; to draw them, one must learn to look even more closely. The many, many children with a passion for horses will be given good short-cuts for watching and drawing in this book.

I'll Take Capy. Lee McCabe and Norbert Fagan. Ill. by Wesley Dennis. Whittlesey. $2.

MAKES you feel as Sam did about Capy, an intelligent and spirited horse, just sick at the notion of selling him because the family had to have money. Sam thought up a way out. Much action. Sighs of relief all round. C. H. B.

CONTRIBUTORS

Charles VILDRAC is a poet and playwright, whose books are known by French-speaking children all over the world.

Arthur RANSOME is a former correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* for Eastern Europe and the Orient. This autumn, the one millionth copy of his children's books was sold.

Clifton M. UTLEY is an NBC radio commentator who broadcasts also for the BBC from Chicago.

Claire Huchet BISHOP, general editor of the children's book section, is the author of "France Alive" and the prize-winning juvenile book, "Pancakes—Paris."

Lombard JONES, who did the frontispiece for the children's book section, is an artist well known for his contributions to OWI publications.

Ernestine EVANS, former foreign correspondent in pre-war Europe, is now engaged in general literary work in the field of children's literature in New York.

Louise Seaman BECHTEL is a well-known author of children's books.

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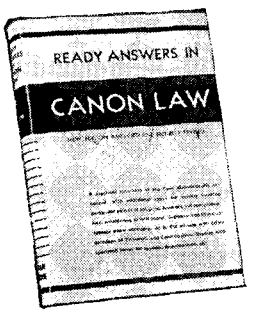

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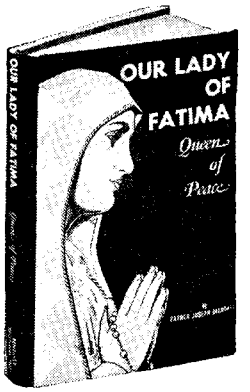

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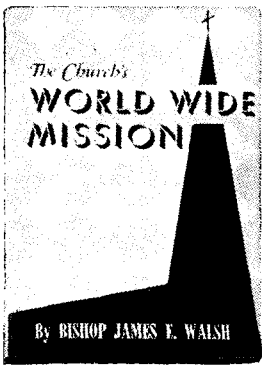

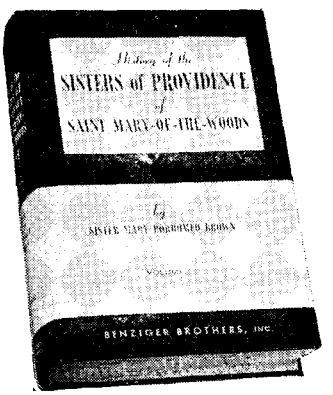

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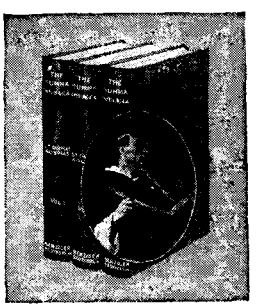

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